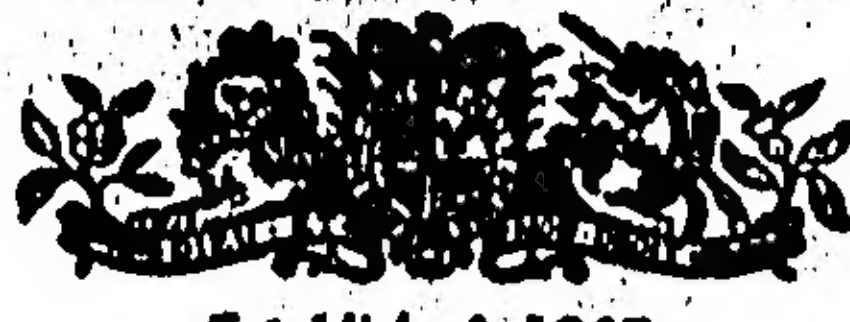


# CHINA



# MAIL

RELAX IN **DAKS**  
THE FAMOUS COMFORT  
IN ACTION THROUGH  
**Whiteaways**

No. 36481

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1956.

Price 30 Cents

## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### Cyprus Dilemma

THE British government's dilemma over the constitutional future of Cyprus becomes increasingly acute, and the condition can in part be attributed to the government's own curious behaviour.

Kite-flying through the medium of "inspired" stories appearing in national newspapers can be quite a successful technique for sounding out public feeling on domestic affairs, but it is a risky procedure when applied to overseas problems which involve several interested parties. Thus is "leaking" the alleged plan for giving Cyprus self-determination within ten to 15 years' time, the British government aroused an immediate hostile reaction in Turkey, whose government in turn "leaked" a counter constitutional plan for the island.

The extraordinary situation thus created has been to have the world presented with two "official" plans for the future of Cyprus, neither of which has been officially disclosed through normal diplomatic channels, and which are so far apart in conception as to make them unacceptable to any of the parties concerned.

The mystery of the British "plan" has been further complicated by the revelation (not officially denied) that Governor Sir John Harding took it back with him to Cyprus to negotiate. But with whom has not been explained. There has been no indication that since Archbishop Makarios was banished the Greek Cypriots have found for themselves another spokesman to negotiate the constitutional future of Cyprus. Now comes news from "informed sources" that the government has decided to abandon its "plan," partly in deference to Turkish protests, partly to stifle vociferous objections raised by 50 Conservative backbenchers in the Commons. Generally speaking, Sir Anthony Eden and his colleagues have no reason to feel proud of this venture in international kite-flying.

As for the merits of the so-called plan, they are open to criticism. For the Cypriot Greeks, self-determination is merely a synonym for union with Greece, and union with Greece merely means Cyprus changing from being a British colony to a Greek colony. The British government must figure out something better than this.

# Soviet Satellites Growing Restless

## SIGNS OF REVOLT IN HUNGARY AND THE UKRAINE

London, July 6.

The mushroom cloud of the de-Stalinisation campaign has spread out menacingly into Russia's satellite empire, causing unrest and rebellion of the mind behind the Iron Curtain.

Official and intelligence reports indicate clearly that the move has spread beyond Poland, to other East European nations in bondage.

In most East European nations under Soviet control signs of unrest have been troubling their Communist regimes for some weeks past.

But it was the open revolt of the Polish steel workers in Poznan which raised the alarm.

The Communist party leaders have begun to reveal growing anxiety over the ferment caused by the spirit of liberalisation. Satellite governments have in the past few days hastened to sound warnings against taking liberties with liberty—a first hint that the "thaw" may be slowed down, if not stopped.

Poland has so far gone farthest in its rebellion against the pressure from its Communist regime.

### GRIM BATTLE

Some reports claim that unrest has even spread to the Soviet Ukraine where students and workers are understood to have demonstrated a few weeks ago.

Next to Poland ferment has been most noticeable in Hungary where a grim under-cover battle is raging at present.

But resistance to the party has been on the increase.

Alarmed at the Poznan developments the Hungarian government issued a stern warning this week against "demagogues and enemies of the party" who are held responsible for recent unprovoked demonstrations of opposition.

Last Sunday the Budapest government in an official communiqué admitted that demonstrations several thousand strong were held last month, like in Poland the initial rebellious moves have come from the intelligentsia.

At a meeting in Budapest on June 22, Marton Horvath, editor of Szabad Nep, the Central party organ, was loudly applauded for his demand that the application to Hungary of the 20th Soviet Party Congress policies must be decided in Hungary, not in Moscow or Belgrade.

The call resembled a similar outcry in Warsaw recently for independence of decision from Moscow.

### REVOLUTION TALK

On Tuesday the party paper Szabad Nep complained that resistance to the party was increasing and that some circles even talked of a second revolution.

Tibor Dery, a well-known writer, went so far as to demand the abolition of censorship and a radical change of the country's policy.

The people's wrath is largely directed against the dictatorship of Rakosi who has been summoned to Moscow where he is understood to have been advised to "mend his ways" and to the anti-Stalin line.

Moreover, Rakosi is the chief target of the hatred of Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito for having played a leading role in Yugoslavia's expulsion from the Cominform in 1948. Tito today has the Kremlin's support and sympathy.

In neighbouring Czechoslovakia the edict of the Soviet party has also resulted in a number of internal troubles and growing vigilance of the party.

### STUDENTS' DEMAND

Last month students asked for greater freedom of teaching. Their demand was rejected as "provocative" and as being "directed against our people's democratic system and the Communist party."

A large number of party members was reported moreover to have asked for the calling of an extraordinary party congress.

Moreover trouble has been reported from the Czech mining industry where workers are said to be opposing the stepping up of production targets.

It was the increase of production targets without adequate improvements in the living standard which contributed to the Poznan rising last week.

Little has been heard of Bulgaria or Albania where the "thaw" is apparently progressing at a very slow pace.

But according to reports reaching London demonstrations took place at the end of May in Kiev, in the Ukraine, on the 30th anniversary of the death of General Symon Petliura, leader of the Ukrainian independence movement.

The reports claimed that at one stage these demonstrations turned against Russia.

These developments indicate that the mushroom cloud of the

anti-Stalin move has spread out into the satellite empire.

The signs of unrest and rebellion are unmistakable; but Iron Curtain experts caution against over-hasty conclusions.

These experts say that while some of these developments are clearly directed against repression, some reflect inter-party strife.

Moreover, nearly everywhere the Communist regimes, alarmed at these first open indications of revolt of the mind, are beginning to clamp down on the "liberalisation."

The signs are that the "thaw" will be slowed down behind the Iron Curtain.—United Press.

## China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the feature highlights in today's China Mail:

P. 5: The true story of Annie (Get Your Gun) Oakley, by C. D. T. Baker-Carr.

P. 6: The improbable marriage, by Christopher Dobson who writes on Arthur Miller and Mrs. Marilyn (Monroe) Miller.

P. 7: "Brave New World Revisted" by Aldous Huxley.

P. 8: Chapman Pincher revisits Harwell. In a revealing article he tells what he saw.

P. 13: Sir Beverley Baxter writes about a Canadian girl who captured all London recently.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports round-up.

## WIFE KILLER ACQUITTED

Lyon, July 6.

Spectators in a Lyon court applauded today when 34-year-old businessman, Louis Richard, was acquitted of killing his wife.

Richard admitted that he had shot his wife on January 6 when he caught her with her lover, Rene Dujardin, a family friend. Previously, Richard had refused to believe gossip concerning his wife's infidelity.

Dujardin, seriously wounded, spent five months in hospital, and now has a 25 per cent work disability.—France-Press.

## Marilyn's Husband Given A Passport

Washington, July 6.

The State Department said today it had granted a "limited passport" to Mr. Arthur Miller, playwright husband of Marilyn Monroe to enable them to take a European honeymoon.

Miss Monroe is due to leave New York on July 13 for London to begin work on the film "The Sleeping Prince" with Sir Laurence Olivier.

The State Department spokesman said in response to inquiries that Mr. Miller's passport would be good for six months, as against two years for a normal one.

The 40-year-old playwright applied for a passport last May. Without one, Mr. Miller would have been unable to accompany Miss Monroe.

In testimony last month to the House of Representatives committee on un-American activities, Mr. Miller admitted he had made "errors" in associations but had never been under Communist Party discipline.—Reuter.

## TROPICAL STORM 300 MILES AWAY

At 3 o'clock this morning the Royal Observatory reported that a tropical storm was centred within 60 miles of 15.5 deg N. and 118 deg E. and was moving northwest at 15 knots. This places the storm between three and four hundred miles southeast of Hongkong.

No. 1 typhoon signal was hoisted at 10.10 a.m.

## May Provide Ceylon Bases Answer

Singapore, July 7.

The Royal Air Force is working out a system on a tiny island in the Indian Ocean—a system which may enable it in effect to keep its bases in Ceylon.

The RAF flag has come down on Kar Nicobar, a dot on the map which happens to be the most strategic stop-over point between Singapore and

for what will happen in Ceylon.

The RAF is seeing how the arrangement works. They have every reason to believe it will work fine.

If the system could be applied to Ceylon, Ceylon would in fact have complete control of the bases but the RAF would suffer no loss of facilities.

Some British technicians would stay (as six have on Kar Nicobar) to help with the operations.

The major gain would be that the RAF could keep its forces at the ready.

In the event of actual hostilities Ceylon would probably welcome the RAF. But without some interim arrangement the RAF might not be able to get its organisation there in time.—London Express Service.

## RETURN TO FREEDOM



Father Thomas L. Phillips (left) and Father John Clifford wave from the gangway of the ss Hamburg after their arrival in Hongkong today.—Staff Photographer.

## Freed Priests Arrive In Hongkong

Two American Jesuit priests, Father John William Clifford, 38, and Father Thomas Leonard Phillips, 51, arrived in Hongkong aboard the ss Hamburg this morning after having been imprisoned in China since June 15, 1953.

Father Phillips, who comes from Butte, Montana, went to China on September 21, 1950, and was the superior of the Shanghai Christ the King Church. He said that the first he knew of his arrest was when he woke up at about 11 p.m. on June 15, 1953 and found three Chinese policemen, with drawn revolvers, in his room.

They ordered him to get up and he was taken to prison. Since his imprisonment on that night, he was on over 150 occasions interrogated.

Both fathers appeared happy and in good health as they alighted from the ship.

## STRATOTANKER CRASHES

New York, July 6.

Six US Air Force men were presumed killed today when their KC-97 Stratotanker crashed in a wooded region of Labrador, some 40 miles from Goose Bay air base.

A spokesman at Lake Charles air base, in Louisiana, home base of the Stratotankers, said the plane caught fire after crashing.—France-Press.

Seven persons went mad today in Turin as a result of the heat wave that has stricken Turin. Three of the persons threatened to kill their relatives and had to be rushed to mental hospitals.—France-Press.

## Hongkong Competition Worrying South Africa

London, July 6.

Mr Eric H. Louw, South African Minister of Finance and External Affairs, is to have official talks here next Wednesday on the situation facing the South African textile industry through the importation of cheap goods from Hongkong.

Mr Louw will be accompanied by Dr A. J. Nogval, chairman of the South African Board of Trade and Industries, in talks on the imports with Mr Peter Thorneycroft, President of the British Board of Trade.

"The trouble arises from the fact that Hongkong is a British territory," Mr Louw said today. "Therefore we cannot employ protective tariffs as we have done against Japanese competition. We are bound by our trade agreement with Britain and we have to discuss the matter to see how we can overcome the difficulty."

"The goods imported from Hongkong are very cheaply produced and our textile industry is seriously affected by this form of competition," he added.

Mr Louw, who has been attending the Commonwealth premiers' conference here, left by air today for talks in Brussels and Paris. He will return to London on Tuesday evening for the textile talks.—Reuter.

## Steel Strike Goes On

Pittsburgh, July 6.

There was no sign today of a break in the six-day old nationwide steel strike, though both union and management have expressed willingness to resume negotiations for a new contract. The strike has already cost nearly 2,000,000 tons of steel and thrown 50,000 men and women out of work in allied industries—apart from the 65,000 steel workers themselves.

Federal mediators separately interviewed union and management officials here yesterday, and Mr Joseph Finney, director of the Federal Mediation Service, said afterwards that he will get in touch with them again early next week.—Reuter.

## HEAT MADNESS

Turin, July 6.

Seven persons went mad today in Turin as a result of the heat wave that has stricken Turin. Three of the persons threatened to kill their relatives and had to be rushed to mental hospitals.—France-Press.

the strongest and  
most persistent  
insect-killer ever!

## Shell Cockroach Killer

with Dieldrin

Good news! Shell Cockroach Killer now contains the amazing new Shell Insecticide, DIELDRIN.

As a result, it kills quicker, and goes on killing longer than anything you've known before. Spray or brush it on walls and woodwork; spray it under sinks and stoves, in cupboards and drawers. World health experts have already proved DIELDRIN's amazing efficiency, because it is the most effective and safe insecticide known today.

Ask for Shell Cockroach Killer at your usual store.

banish cockroaches overnight

TO INDIA

TO EUROPE

TO JAPAN

NOW, FOR EVERY FIRST CLASS PASSENGER A

Check these advantages:

- ✓ Constellation and Super Constellation comfort
- ✓ Choice of luxury or tourist class
- ✓ A.I.'s personal service
- ✓ Courteous Japanese hostesses on all flights.

Visit these places with A.I.: PARIS • GENEVA • DUSSELDORF • ROME • CAIRO • BOMBAY • TOKYO • BANGKOK • CALCUTTA • BEIRUT • DELHI • KARACHI • ZURICH

(Flight Every Wed. & Sun. to India & Europe, Every Mon. & Fri. to Japan)

**AIR-INDIA International**

Fu House, 7 Ice House Street

TEL: 22274-23315-239880

## Which drink is the quickest quencher?

OF ALL THE DRINKS on earth the most refreshing and reviving is lime juice. This is a fact you can prove to yourself, in a few enjoyable seconds, next time the sun shines. You will also find that this cool, clear cordial restores your energy on sultry, sunless days. So the best idea is to drink lots of lime juice all the summer through—can you think of a more enjoyable health drink than that?

WHAT IS LIME JUICE?

Purely and simply the juice of the world's most thirst-quenching citrus fruit. The best lime juice is made by Ross's who grow their own limes. The juice, filtered and preserved, provides a natural and delicious fruit drink. To be sure of getting the best thing, ask for Ross's.

**Lime Juice for Summer Energy**  
The best you can buy is Ross's







## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

FATHER TAKEN ILL  
—SO TEENAGERS RAN  
THE FAMILY BUSINESS

But Then Came The Credit Squeeze . . .

MOTHER OF  
DEAD GIRL  
SENDS PLEA  
TO EDEN

London. A mother whose 14-year-old daughter died last month has made a dramatic appeal to the Prime Minister.

She begged in a personal letter for Government action to end the temptation for teenagers to steal from stores where goods are openly displayed. She wants legislation to compel stores to protect their wares.

The mother is Mrs Jean Sheridan, 39, of Bertha Road, Great Birmingham. Her daughter, Lyanna (above) gassed herself at home.

Mrs Sheridan believes her daughter would be alive now if she had not begun to pilfer from stores.

OH DEAR!  
AT ASCOT,  
TOO!

London. Lady Docker, Britain's carefree and controversial millionaire's wife, set Royal Ascot in an uproar by signing autographs.

"Preposterous," said one top-hatted observer. "Ascot will never be the same again."

"Quite unprecedented," said one horrified official. "It has never happened before."

Lady Docker signed the autographs for 25 minutes. At one time Queen Elizabeth passed within 25 yards. Lady Docker kept right on signing "Norah Docker" on everything from raccoons to cigarette packets.

Duelists and debutantes, dressed in their finest clothes for a racing event that also is one of the season's top social gatherings, stared lily.

Lady Docker, who has played marbles with the working class, dug coal in a mine, and sent thousands of attractive pictures of herself to shareholders of the company that fired her husband last month, was unperturbed.

"It is brings a little happiness, then, I don't care what people say," she said.

"It started with an autograph for one little girl and just snowballed into this big thing."

Her husband, Sir Bernard, signed a few autographs himself as a mob swirled around them. Some were wearing topers.

Sir Bernard, who is fighting his disquieted as chairman of the multi-million dollar Birmingham Small Arms Company, said "I've done a lot of things at Ascot, but never signed autographs."

United Press.

London. FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Robert Lambourne had just left school when his father fell ill. The family business faced a crisis.

But Robert and his 18-year-old sister, Molly,



look it over and they ran it for four years by themselves. Then came the credit squeeze and an £85 debt.

It brought them to Lambeth County Court. And when their success-to-failure story was told, the London firm that sued them for the debt said:

"I had heard it before we had taken a very different course."

And Judge Clither, who gave judgment with costs, called it a "very pathetic story and commendable effort."

Later came these out-of-court comments:

TROUBLE WITH THE HEAD  
PREFECTS WITH  
CREW-CUTS  
ARE DEMOTED

London. Three prefects at Trinity County School, Wood Green, N., were demoted because headmaster Mr A. H. Dalrymple, did not like their crew-cuts.

But the other boys boycotted the prefects and the prefects were reinstated.

Said a senior boy last week: "The head was furious when the three prefects appeared with crew-cut. I think they felt it would be more comfortable for the summer."

One of the demoted boys, 17-year-old Bernard Bower, of Lyndhurst Road, Wood Green, laid his hand over his close-cropped black hair and said:

"All the happened was that I lost my badge for two days. Now I am letting my hair grow again."

## TOUGH LUCK FOR MOTHS

Sydney.

Australian Government scientists report a promising attack on housewives' enemy, the clothes moth.

At the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation Wool Textile Laboratory they've discovered a way of moth-proofing woollen fabrics immediately after dyeing.

In clothes-moth damage, moths lay eggs on the fabric. Grubs hatch from the eggs and feast on wool, which they've learnt to digest.

Moth balls are effective, but malodorous.

Identical moth-grub killer is a cheap, odourless, colourless insecticide, which added to wool fabric in or after the dye-bath, stays in the fabric permanently, and is not removable by laundry washing or by clothes-cleaners treatment.

For the past quarter-century scientists have been seeking this ideal.

At present there are effective moth-killers of this type on the market, but they're expensive and must be added in amounts up to at least one per cent of the weight of wool treated.

C.S.I.R.O. wool chemists now find tiny amounts of dieldrin are effective.



Eyes Had it: In Mexico City, celebrating his newly won Ph.D. degree from the University of Mexico, Jose-Maria Montes de Obregon had a few tequilas too many, disclosed that he had hypnotized the two professors who examined him and the academic panel which discussed his thesis, was arrested and charged with obtaining his degree under false pretences.

DONALD DUCK  
GETS A  
NAVY PENSION

Ottawa.

Walt Disney's characters have been displaced as badges for ships of the Canadian Navy.

An article in The Canadian official Navy publication, disclosed that Donald Duck and friends have been supplanted by more artistic and flowery designs on the badges which grace the quarterdecks of RCN vessels.

The switch to the more "edgy" designs was ordered in 1945 by Naval Staff. They decided that some of the cartoon-like emblems were not in keeping with the dignity of Her Majesty's Canadian Service.

## A Long Search

Initial designs for the new emblems were done by now retired Lt.-Comdr. Alan B. Beddoe, designer of the "Book of Remembrance" which rests in the Peace Tower on Parliament Hill.

Commander Beddoe's job was to trace the history behind the name of each ship and then design an emblem incorporating the more outstanding facts. This involved long searching through sources of folklore and early Canadian writing.

The result: Today the cruiser Ontario carries an emblem centred by a trillium, Ontario's provincial flower. Before 1945 one ship bore a picture of a large playing card with the Queen of Hearts, a stunning young creature, skirts askew and sitting in a puddle of water. The name of the ship—HMCS Wetaskwin. Puns were the order of the day then.

The wearing of badges on two sides of ships is a navy custom dating back more than 500 years. Early kings had no navies of their own, but instead hired a number of Knights' merchant ships to fight their battles.

To enable a man to distinguish his allies from his enemies, each ship and its crew carried the family crest of its knight.

## Seamen Paint

When the king gained a navy of his own, his ships flew the Royal emblem. As rule by monarchy faded, the problem of ship badges was somewhat forgotten. Seamen were left to design their ships' emblems themselves and little restriction was put on their imagination.

Until World War II Canada had only a few ships big enough to rate badges. The war changed this situation, however, and the Navy had made no arrangements for a

professional designer to make the emblems. Canada's seamen took brush in hand and produced some rather amusing, if not dignified, results.

It was at this point that Naval Staff and Commander Beddoe took over.



The individual ships still have some say in their heraldry, however. Notices still are chosen by the individual captains, usually in reference to the badge or name (or both) of the ship.

## 'Good As Gold'

Examples of these are "Checkmate," the motto of HMS Tactician whose badge is a chessboard, and "Good as Gold" in accordance with the pound sterling emblem of HMS Sterling.

What does the Navy itself think of the Beddoe-designed badges? The Crownsput it this way: "Artistically they are smart, heraldically they are correct and they have a meaning, background and tradition of which every man in the Service can well be proud."

United Press.

Two Cadets  
In Rag  
Are Sacked

London.

Two officer cadets who took part in the "knives and forks" rag at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, have been expelled.

They are Senior Under Officer Peter Williams, of Great Shelford, Cambridge, and Senior Cadet William Stevens, of Vectis Road, Alverstoke, Gosport.

A War Office spokesman said: "They are being returned to their depots because of unsatisfactory conduct during the inquiry into the rag."

"There is no question of their being punished because of the rag itself."

"In the view of the Academy Commandant (Major-General R. G. S. Hobbs), they will not make trustworthy and loyal officers because of their behaviour at the inquiry."

In the rag at the end of last month 1,000 pieces of cutlery were removed from the dining-rooms as a protest against Army food.

The cutlery was dumped on an island in one of Sandhurst's lakes. It was recovered later by an anonymous letter to academy officers.

Williams, 21, was educated at Eton.

Sweet Tooth For  
False Teeth

London.

The Derbyshire health executive the other day agreed to pay half the costs of replacing a miser's set of false teeth broken by hungry coat-pit pony.

The miser testified the pony had a sweet tooth and got his false teeth out of a lunch tin which also contained candies. The miser took his teeth out while working to protect them, he said.—United Press.

NO TIE AT  
SCHOOL,  
SENT OUT  
4 TIMES

Grimsby. Keith Blakey, 14, son of a Grimsby postman, went to school last week in an open-necked shirt.

For the fourth time in a week the head, Mr Stanley Hill, sent him home—for not wearing a tie.

Later the governors met at the school to discuss Keith's case. They stated: "The governors have complete confidence in the headmaster and approve of the action he has been compelled to take."

Keith's parents, of Beverley Crescent, refused to send him to school in a tie because they don't like "being dictated to."

They wrote to Mr Cyril Osborne, Tory M.P. for Louth. But they learned that their protest letter has been passed to Mr Kenneth Younger, Socialist M.P. for Grimsby.

## NECKLINES TOO

Mr Younger's election agent, Alderman W.J. Molson, as chairman of the governors at Keith's school—Cyril Lane secondary modern.

His comment: "It's a breach of discipline and I hope the parents will see reason. But I don't attempt to sway Mr Younger."

He added: "The general appearance at the school has gone down recently. The youngsters mainly responsible are those due to leave."

"Some girls are turning up in dresses with plunging necklines. And some wear jeans."

SO SHE CUTS  
UP A PIER

Harwich.

Mrs Vera Davis, a London beauty specialist, revealed that she had bought a wooden pier here and was busily sawing it up into little pieces.

"The pier is my biggest deal so far," she said.

She has workmen on the job 17 hours a day sawing up the pier.

Why? It will make two and a quarter million bundles of firewood Mrs Davis hopes to sell to the Essex County Council.—United Press.

CPA- FOUR SINGAPORE  
FLIGHTS WEEKLY

**NOW**

HONG KONG TO SINGAPORE DIRECT-NO STOPS

by DC6

The Fastest Service Only Shrs. 55mins. EVERY TUESDAY

Other Flights

MONDAYS.....via Saigon  
WEDNESDAYS.....via Bangkok  
SATURDAYS.....via Bangkok

SLEEPING BUNKS AVAILABLE

Tallong Pacific Airways Ltd.

Passenger and Freight Rates, Timetable, and other details apply.

TWO NEW FILMS FROM THE RANK ORGANISATION NOT TO BE MISSED THIS MONTH.

## "WHO DONE IT?"

BRITAIN'S NEW STAR OF TELEVISION BENNY HILL IN THE SIDE SPLITTING COMEDY OF THE MONTH.

At the King's and Princess from July 18th

and

## NEVIL SHUTE'S GREAT BOOK

## "A TOWN LIKE ALICE"

Starring

PETER FINCH and VIRGINIA MACKENNA

At the New York & Great World Theatres from July 20th

MAKE YOUR DATES NOW!

166 years devoted to  
the Art of Timing . . .



Gyromatic, the watch  
that has everything

The slightest motion of your wrist winds the revolutionary new mechanism of the GP Gyromatic. It is antimagnetic, shockprotected and climatized. It stores away a huge power reserve in its unbreakable mainspring and registers every second with unerring precision. Strikingly handsome, waterproof, case of stainless steel or 18 ct. solid gold.



Sole Agents: Gilman & Company Ltd.  
Obtainable at authorized GP dealers.



# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



AUSTRALIAN Test cricketer Keith Miller is all dressed up in de rigueur rigout for the Royal Ascot race meeting. His pretty companion is Miss Beverley Prowse, a former Australian beauty queen. (Express)



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN and her consort, the Duke of Edinburgh, riding in the Royal landau, drawn by greys with outriders, on arrival at Ascot. They were watched by a large and fashionable crowd. The Queen's four-year-old colt, Alexander, won the Royal Hunt Cup on the second day. (Express)



EIGHT smiling Russian girls line up for their picture after arriving in London from Leningrad. They are members of a 200-strong Red Army party now in Britain to perform regional dances and sing songs from all parts of Russia for an eight-week season. (Express)



ITALY'S well-stacked Gina Lollobrigida (left) seen with Britain's Sir Laurence Olivier at the London premiere of her new film, "Trapeze." She plays opposite America's Burt Lancaster, and Tony Curtis is also in the film. The two play circus high-wire artists in love with Gina. She speaks English in the picture. (Express)



GOING my way, baby? Gallant chap with the upraised straw hat is actor Tyrone Power. Object of his attentions is Peggy Cummins. They are two of the stars of a London charity show being put on this month. (Express)



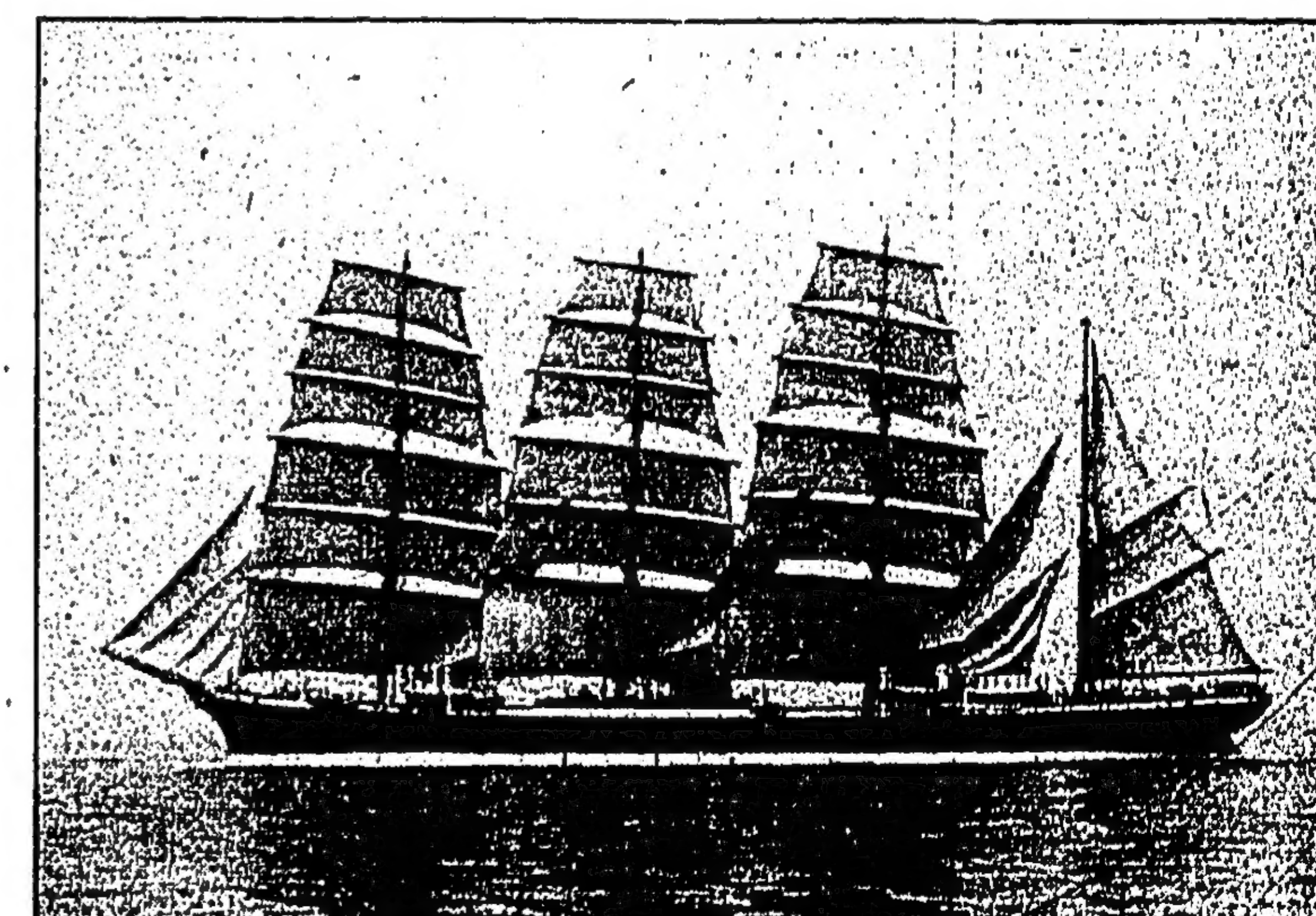
SIR Winston Churchill concentrates mightily as he prepares to throw a dart at a fete given by the West Sussex Conservative Club in aid of Sir Winston's constituency of Woodford. The dart missed, as did the other two he is holding in his hand. However, earlier in the day his horse, Le Pretendant, won the Churchill Stakes at Ascot. (Express)



GENERAL Alfred M. Gruenther, Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, inspecting a guard of honour of cadets at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst (left), on the occasion of his visit for the opening of the Western European military cadets' ninth annual athletic meeting. General Gruenther is to be succeeded at the end of this year as Supreme Allied Commander by General Lauris Norstad. (Army News)

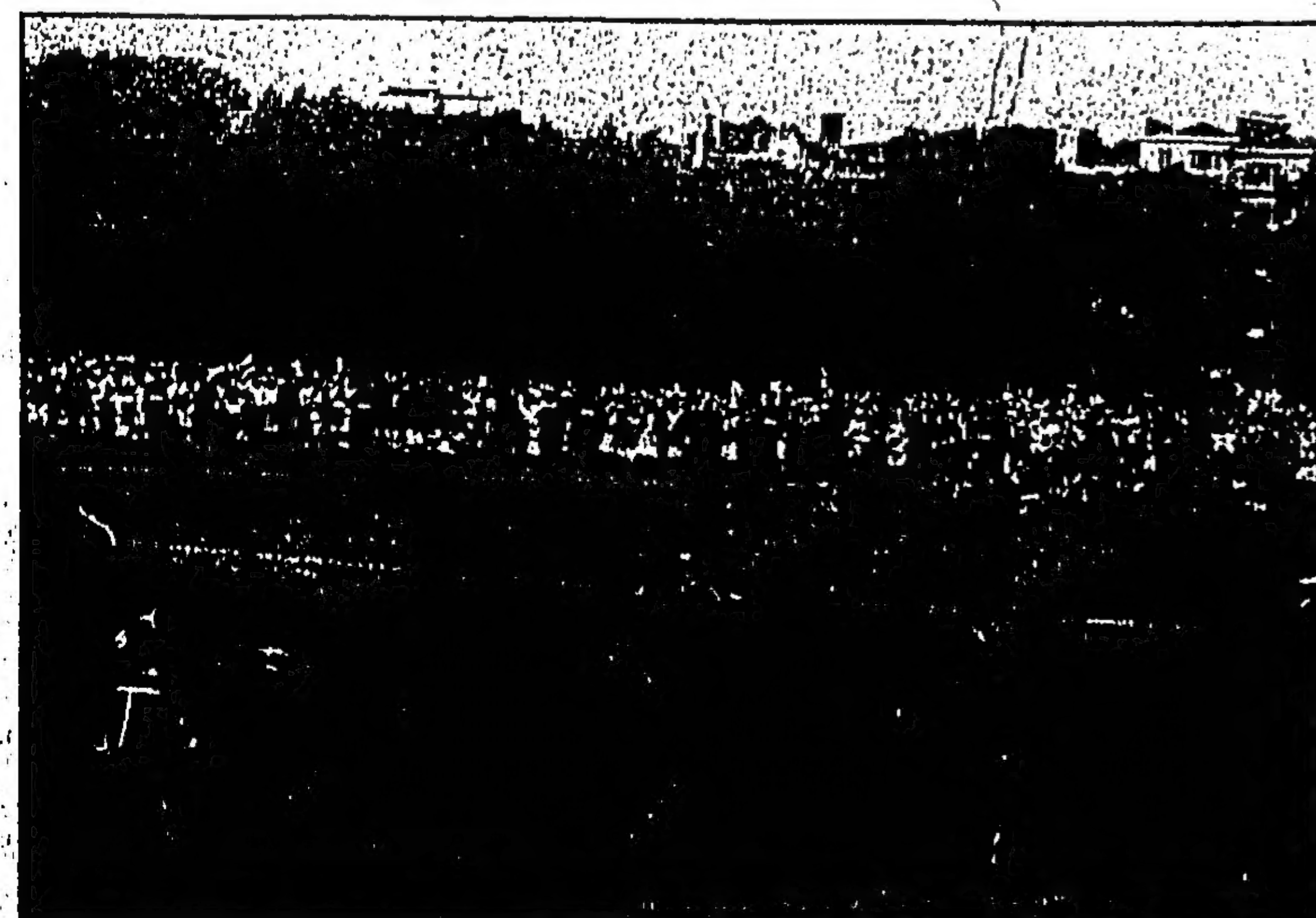


A police guard was provided for Mrs Rita Comer, wife of bookie Jack Comer, ("Jack Spot") after he was arrested in London accused of wounding another gangster in Mayfair. She was said to have received threatening letters. Mrs Comer returning home from the police court hearing with her guard. (Express)



THE Pamir, one of the entrants in this month's sailing race between Torbay, in England, and Lisbon, Portugal. The Pamir is one of the few remaining ships of its type in the world. (Express)

BELOW: The VC who was late for the biggest parade of all. It was the Tuesday of the Queen's parade celebrating the centenary of the Empire's highest award for valour. The latecomer in the cloth cap, escorted by a Guardsman, hastens to his place in the line-up in Hyde Park. If you've ever been late on parade, you can imagine how he felt in this never before, perhaps never again, assembly of heroes. (Express)



## NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



## ROWNTREES







"If Harry Truman's your buddy—WHY can't you get us all tickets for his lunch with the Lord Mayor?"

One of the world's strangest stories . . . . the truth about Annie ("Get Your Gun") Oakley, who never missed a shot and had the crowned heads of Europe worshipping at her feet . . . an amazing girl

ONE grey November day Kaiser Wilhelm II, Emperor of Germany, stood resplendent in his uniform a few paces away from his retinue of staff officers inside a high-walled garden. Slowly he lit a cigarette in a stubby holder and then stood quite still with his hands behind his back.

Twenty-five yards away to his right a slip of a girl was aligning the sights of her rifle. Nobody even dared to breathe. Then a rifle shot shattered the awed silence, and the cigarette was halved—a shaggy stub in the holder and the lighted end spinning away into the distance. The Kaiser smiled and pocketed his ornate holder, to become a treasured memento.

A little more than 25 years later, in 1917, the girl who pulled that trigger sat down and wrote a letter to Wilhelm II saying how sorry she was that she had been so accurate—and could she have another shot, just one more?

### Early Days

THE Kaiser read the note, but this time he did not smile. He knew—like millions of others—that Annie Oakley never missed.

The uncanny marksmanship of Annie Oakley, or "Little Sure Shot," is likely never to be equalled or even challenged by man or woman.

## LITTLE SURE SHOT

By C. D. T. Baker-Carr

Today her name is revered by all who love the blue of tool barrels, the "feel" of a well-balanced weapon, the smell of burnt powder.

Annie Oakley was born Anne Moses on August 13, 1880, in a tiny farmhouse in Darke County, Ohio. When she was four her father died from exposure in a December blizzard. Annie's earliest days were hard. The family were poor, frugal, strict-laced.

At the age of six, she brought in her first kill, a brace of quail she had snared with bent wire. From then on she spent most of her days filling the family larder, and at 11 she yielded to temptation and took down from above the fireplace her father's ancient cap-and-ball rifle.

Annie Moser, as she preferred to call herself, found that she was a natural with a firearm. Her bag of game increased so much that after a very short time she was taking the surplus to market in nearby Greenville,

eight miles from Cincinnati. By the time she was 15 little Annie had shot off the mortgage on their farmstead. In addition she had bought herself a new rifle and a new shotgun. Already her marksmanship was exciting comment.

### A Challenge

On a rare visit to a Cincinnati shooting-stall this under-sized girl flattened a complete row of fast moving metal ducks. The manager knew a good shot when he saw one. Together they went up to the Bevis Hotel where a professional marksman, Frank E. Butler, was staying. It was Butler's practice to challenge anyone to outshoot him wherever he gave a show. Annie accepted the challenge.

Butler was astonished. Could this girl really dare to wager 50 dollars of her own money, as well as 100 from her sponsor of America?

He called "Pull" and a clay target soared upwards. Frank Butler fired and the referee cried "Dead." One after the other the targets disintegrated in the air as Butler and Annie fired alternately. With the score at 24 they were still level. Butler fired for the last time—and missed. Annie paused, shouted "Pull," fired and won the match.

A year later Annie Oakley (she took the name from a Cincinnati suburb) became Mrs. Frank E. Butler. She was just 17, short, dark-haired and pretty. She could neither read nor write.

From then she became part of Frank Butler's shooting act, holding his targets and generally assisting him. But in time it was Annie Oakley the crowds came to see, often not noticing the silent showman in the background—her husband, the ex-champion.

### Buffalo Bill

IT was in April, 1885, that Mr. and Mrs. Butler took the road to Louisville where Buffalo Bill was due to give one of his famed Wild West Shows. Besides the empty tents of the Indians and the silent showground they set up the gun table and began to practise. Frank threw two glass balls in the air, two rapid shots followed and the balls had gone.

He had a clay target in his hand while Annie, 25 yards away, held a rifle over her shoulder, taking aim in the polished blade of a knife. A crack and the disc turned to powder. After a few moments Nate Salisbury, Buffalo Bill's partner, stepped from behind his hidden vantage point. Reassured that she could perform, her feet on horseback as well, he hired her on the spot. The show was due to begin in less than three hours.

Before very long Annie Oakley had become the star performer of the Wild West

show, the main draw and the most convincing artist of them all.

Annie's new life followed a definite pattern of one-day shows, living in tents among Red Indians, Mexicans and long, lanky cowboys. Now she found time to catch up on her education. The Bible, especially the New Testament, became her favourite reading matter.

A few months later that old warrior brave, Chief Sitting Bull, joined Buffalo Bill's outfit. In a silence punctuated by a series of unintelligible grunts he watched Annie gallop across the arena, snatch a revolver from the ground and hit each of three targets swinging on the end of a rope held by another flying rider.

Annie Oakley returned to her tent to find Sitting Bull waiting patiently, repeating the words "Wananyeya Cicilia" over to himself in wonderment. It meant "Little Sure Shot."

Only a few days later Sitting Bull adopted her as his daughter. She was the only white woman in that huge cosmopolitan show.

### To London

FAME was hers. Soon she was playing to audiences in New York, and Mark Twain was so impressed by her astonishing accuracy that he went the next night as well. It was Twain who suggested that Buffalo Bill should take the Wild West to London. . . . and April, 1887, saw cowboys and Indians pitching their tents in Earl's Court.

Long before the show opened distinguished visitors began to call. Prime Minister Gladstone talked with Buffalo Bill, while Mrs. Gladstone chatted to Annie Oakley.

Another caller was the fun-loving Prince of Wales, later to become Edward VII. On May 6 he arrived with Princess Alexandra and their children for an impromptu Command Performance. When it was over and the children's eyes had stopped popping out of their royal heads, the star performer was presented.

When it was Annie's turn she stepped past the Prince of Wales's outstretched hand and, with a dazzling smile, shook hands with Princess Alexandra. To the girl from the New World old-world courtesy still applied. "Ladies First," London was shocked but the Prince was delighted.

Just three days after the show opened to the public on May 6 a message arrived from Queen Victoria herself commanding a special performance. The Queen



But the gun trunk was closed and Annie had taken up embroidery. It looked as though her trigger-happy days were over. Then, in 1916, Frank took charge of the skeet range at the Carolina Hotel in Pinchurst while Annie gave exhibitions and shooting lessons.

In her old age her aim seemed to become deadlier still. As a joke she would dribble a golf ball across a green into the hole—by firing a small-bore pistol at it.

Having written her challenging note to the Kaiser when America joined the war Annie Oakley, Frank Butler and their dog Dave raised thousands of dollars for the Red Cross.

### Last Days

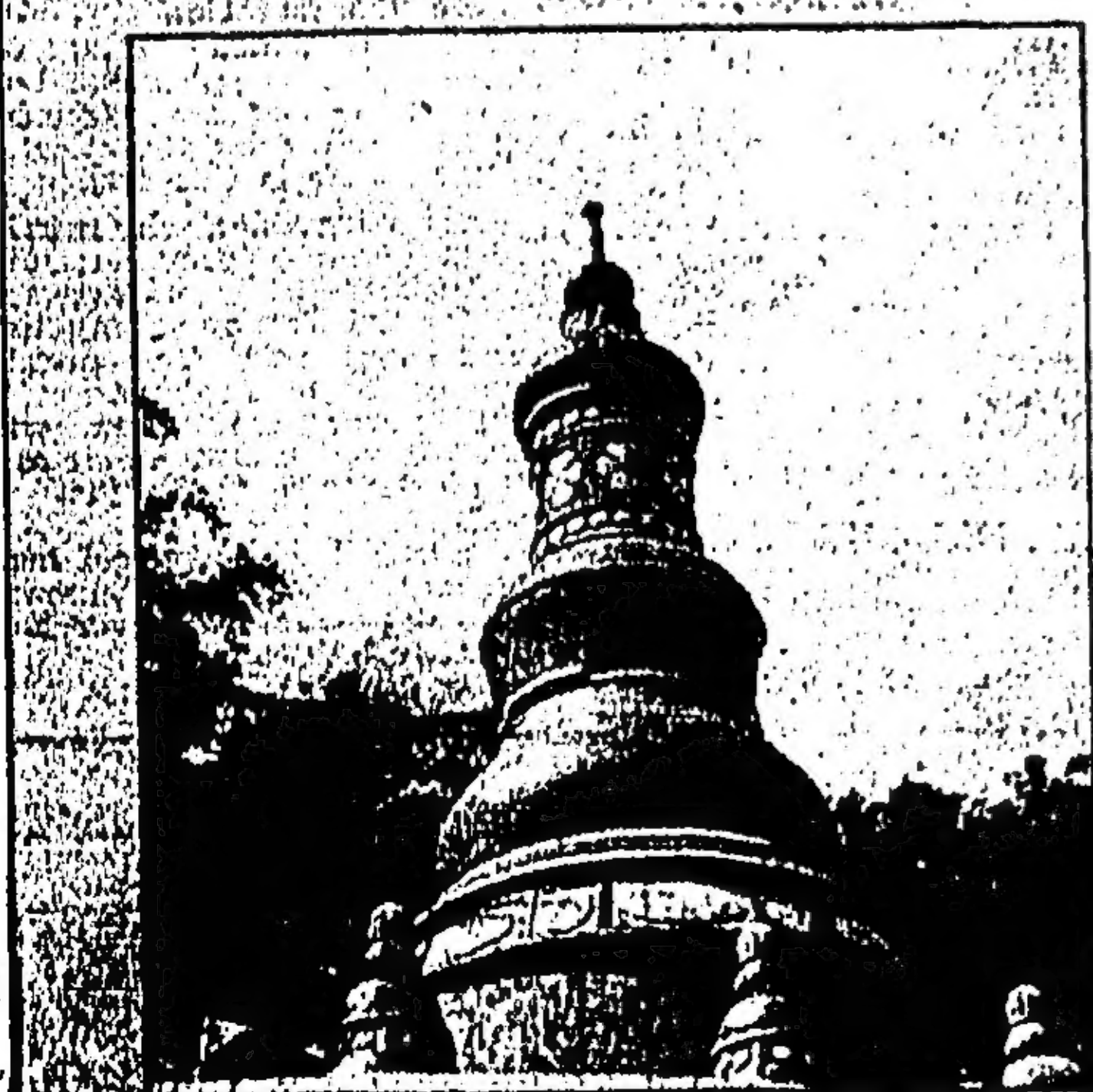
THEN in November 1922 fate struck again. As car she was travelling in overturned into a ditch. Hip and ankle were fractured and Annie was back in a wheel-chair; then it was crutches and finally a walking stick. But the steel brace remained.

In April 1926 they went home to Ohio and Darke County. Annie was bedridden. Old friends called and letters poured in by every post. She was not forgotten.

Frank Butler was failing too; a bent, white-haired old man of 76, he started south, seeking a warmer climate for the remainder of the winter. In Detroit he received the message he had been dreading. Annie Oakley died on November 3, 1926. She was 66. Just 20 days later her inseparable partner died too. They were buried side by side in a cemetery just outside Greenville Creek where, as a child Annie had sold her surplus game. Their lives had turned full circle.

(COPYRIGHT)

### Know Your Hongkong?



This curiously constructed edifice is, as far as we know, the only 'stupa' in Hongkong. Can you tell where it is? (Answer on Page 20)

A watch that stays waterproof 660 feet under water!

ROLEX have produced a new watch for sea-going activities called the Submariner. Particularly designed for deep-sea divers, this special Oyster wristwatch is guaranteed waterproof and pressureproof to 660 ft. (200 metres) under water. Incorporated in the Submariner is the revolutionary "Time-Recorder" revolving rim, which enables the watch to be used as a stop-watch. It is invaluable for navigation, speed testing etc., and indispensable to divers, who can now tell at a glance how long they have been under water and how long they may safely stay there.



ROLEX GENEVA - SWITZERLAND



AIR CARGO SERVICE

SIX flights weekly to MANILA

CONNECTING INDONESIA, GUAM, AUSTRALIA, U.S.A. & EUROPE

PAL PHILIPPINE AIR LINES



THE BOYS' & GIRLS' CLUBS ASSOCIATION

invites your support in helping to train the Hongkong citizens of tomorrow. Subscriptions should be sent to: The Hon. Treasurer, The Boys' and Girls' Clubs Association, Var Memorial Welfare Centre, Southern Playground, Wanchai.

Telephone - 7431

WATER IS PRECIOUS

USE IT WISELY

Get behind the flying for



AUSTIN - you can depend on it!

METRO CARS (H.K.) LTD.

121 KING'S ROAD, HONGKONG. TEL. 71321  
132 TAIPO ROAD, KOWLOON. TEL. 54678



# THE IMPROBABLE MARRIAGE.....

Begin it today... the story in detail

HOW THE Highbrow Dramatist WOOD AND WON THE WORLD'S MOST DESIRABLE GIRL....

THE long, lean, handsome man picked his way across the cluttered studio. He chatted with the producer, the director, waved to some friends, watched a scene being played.

When the scene ended he was introduced to one of the players. She was a well-built girl with full lips and long blonde hair. "Hello," he said. "Hello," said she.

They chatted about the film for a few moments then he moved on, just another V.I.P. visiting a film set.

And that was Marilyn Monroe's first meeting with Arthur Miller. It was in

This series cabled from New York by

**CHRISTOPHER DOBSON**

1951 when he was already an established playwright with "Death of a Salesman," a roaring success, and she was a starlet making her first real impact on Hollywood in the film "Asphalt Jungle."

Well, they met and there was no spark. They went their ways.

Miller returned to his wife and two children, his intellectual friends in New York and the intensity of his work.

Monroe rushed headlong to fame and riches and marriage to Joe DiMaggio, the Denis Compton of baseball.

This was her second marriage, the first being a dismal affair before she was 16.

With DiMaggio it was different. She was 27, eagerly preening her new found fame. Joe had lived with fame for a long time. But that marriage failed too.

They had nothing to say to one another -- he is a

silent man. They spent their evenings staring at television.

Marilyn divorced DiMaggio and married Joe DiMaggio at the same time. She decided she wanted to be an actress, that she wanted to acquire some "culture."

She came north to New York in this quest of culture. She was introduced to a life of comfort and talk, wonderful talk about ideas and words and plays and politics.

## COURTING

HERE she was allowed to use her brain and be treated like an intelligent being, not as just a bosomy beauty with a wiggle in her walk. She was a little lost at first. Some of the words were long and she had never heard of some of the people her new friends seemed to regard so highly. But she learned.

She met people who fascinated her and were fascinated by her. There was Elia Kazan, the director, Lee Strasberg, director of the actors' studio, and there was Miller himself.

No one now seems quite sure where and when their second meeting took place.

One thing is certain. The meeting seemed as unimportant as their first.

Gradually they began to see more and more of each other.

The unlikely attraction of these complete opposites

grew stronger and stronger. What they finally decided, one of them told me, was "that they are both completely unsophisticated. Despite their constant contact with the sophisticated world they have both remained wide-eyed and unspoiled."

Arthur looks at life with an idealist's eyes and Marilyn is naively curious about everything.

Of course, there is some mutual flattery too. She is flattered that this intense, thinking man should be interested in her. And he is flattered that this woman of beauty, famous in her own right, should be interested in him.

Quite a change from television with DiMaggio.

They courted one another quietly -- Miller was still married -- and it was not until early this year that rumours about their began to creep into the American newspapers.

Spring came and everyone knew they were in love.

They could be seen holding hands in small East Side restaurants. The only time their courtship stepped out of character was when Miller took her to visit his parents, Mr and Mrs Isadore Miller, in Brooklyn, New York's East End.

Soon word went round "Marilyn Monroe is here" and the house was besieged. After that they took care not to appear in public together.

There were no extravagant presents. And they did not flaunt their love.

They visited friends, she listened spellbound to her wise-cracks.

THE GIRL SHE WAS Marilyn at 18

★ THE WOMAN SHE IS 'Just a shy exhibitionist'



## WHAT ARTHUR MILLER'S PLAYS SAY...

By JOHN BARBER

"WILLY was a salesman. And for a salesman there is no rock bottom to life. He don't put a bolt to a nut, he don't tell you the law, or give you medicine.

"He's a man 'way out there in the blue, riding on a smile and a shoeshine. And when they start out smiling back -- you're finished."

That speech is from "Death of a Salesman." It is the play I think of first when I think of Arthur Miller. I think of poor Willy Loman, the salesman who at 60 knows he is finished.

And I think I am right that play is central to his work. It was an astonishing hit during its two-year New York run. (In London, with Paul Muni, it had only 204 performances. An astounding hit, because it questioned the American dream.)

It told of a man who suddenly felt old and tired and disappointed, who suddenly could no go on slapping backs and cracking cracks.

### Problems

NOT because he hadn't unloaded all the merchandise he said he had. But because he had suddenly found out that selling merchandise wasn't the whole of life.

He had failed his boss, yes. But also his sons. Also, his wife. Also, himself.

Now it takes courage in America to say money doesn't matter so much. The kind of courage that sent Miller into factory work when the play was earning him \$1,250 a week -- so as to keep in touch with ordinary people.

Willy is a typical Miller hero. He is Mr Suburban trapped in a modern problem. All Miller's heroes are like that. They are not just individuals with private problems.

They have political and social problems that millions share. The question his plays ask is: How are we to live?

"Time is money," he says. "There is a world to make, a civilisation to create." And he writes to expose wrongs which dishonour that world.

### Sincerity

SO, you can see that Marilyn has taken on quite a guy. He writes against anti-Semitism in his novel "Focus." He writes against McCarthyism in his play "The Crucible" -- put on at London's Royal Court Theatre.

He writes of the persecution of homosexuals in "A View from the Bridge," his latest play, in which a man accuses another (falsely) of perversion. The Lord Chamberlain has refused to license it for performance in Britain.

In all the causes he takes up, Miller is tremendously sincere, and in the theatre one of the most thrilling writers alive.

He is one of the finest theatrical craftsmen alive. You clutch your seat every time. And you thank heaven (at least, I do) for his seriousness. In modern jargon, he is an "engaged" writer. I would say: he takes on the big issues. He may not always win. But you get a toe-to-toe battle.



THE DRAMATIST

LIFE WITH ALLEN

"ABOUT time you won that seventy-five thousand pounds," said Molly, a little snappishly. "The weeks are slipping by."

I looked up from filling in my football pools coupon. My expression one of quiet dignity.

"It's just a question of the selected teams playing to form..."

"Save the speech for the Black Lion," said my wife, tartly. "Your friends may be impressed by your knowledge of form -- I'm not. So far, it's cost you seven-and-six a week for the last three seasons, and you've won one dividend of half-a-crown."

★ ★ ★

I admit I was a trifle piqued; one's nearest and dearest can be very hurtful at times. Many wives would be justified in taking the same attitude that mine was taking, but it so happens that I know quite a bit about the game, and it is just a run of bad luck and freak results that have prevented my cashing in this season.

"If you think you can do better..." I began.

"I couldn't do worse, and I don't pretend to know dressing-room secrets, or study form."

"Have a go," I said airily, throwing the evening paper forecasts over to her. "Start with one of the simpler columns. Pick ten winners. My usual plan is to pick four first division clubs, and two from each of the other sections."

"I shall use my own methods and initiative," replied Molly, tapping the butt of her fountain pen against her teeth in an impressive manner. I waited while she stared alternately at the ceiling and the paper. At the end of about five minutes, she frenziedly jotted down ten names on a scrap of paper, and passed her selection back to me.

"But you've picked all away teams," I objected.

"I've picked those I think will win," she answered, without batting an eyelid.

"But each one has a most difficult game," I went on, studying the Wolves because of that nice Alsatian dog next door but one; it always makes me think of Ned Riding Hood. Isn't it wonderful to think of the darlings carrying benedictions to the monks lost in the snow -- or is that another kind?

It didn't seem worth pursuing the point.

"What about Middlesbrough?" I asked aggressively.

"Aunt Maad lives there; she's always willing to ask why we

don't visit her. No one in my family could be blamed for thinking my husband was in prison, or some kind of hermit; nobody ever sees you. And you've promised to take me to the Derby this year, so I've put them in -- though I don't expect you'll take me when the time comes. We've been going to Ascot for years and never got there."

"And Everton?" I asked smoothly, doing my best to get away from a vexed subject.

"Just thinking of toffee. Since you've given up sweets, I never get any; and Bury, because it's such a delightfully depressing name."

★ ★ ★

"Grimsby?" I inquired cautiously, quite fascinated by feminine logic.

"We're having fish tomorrow. And I picked -- what's their name -- Scunthorpe, because I don't really believe there is such a place."

"That makes all the difference, of course," I said ironically. "As a matter of fact, I was stationed near there during the war."

"That's what I mean," Molly chuckled triumphantly. "You

were always stationed in queer places."

I looked at the list again.

"May I ask what womanly intuition suggested Crystal Palace?"

"I remember its being burned down," she answered simply, adding hastily, "I was a baby in arms at the time."

"You must have been a very heavy and backward baby. You were ten years old, at least." I was becoming a bit soured. "And what beautiful memory made you select Torquay?"

Too late, I realised I'd put both feet right into it.

"Just that we spent our honeymoon there. My dear wife's tone was frigid in the extreme, as she matched back her ten selections. "I don't expect you to remember trifles like that, of course."

With a debarment but plying smile I watched her fill up the "Friend's" coupon I gave her. My attitude of amused resignation lasted for two days, to be rudely shattered by a perusal of

the Saturday evening paper. All ten of Molly's selections had won away from home! Even allowing for beginner's luck, the thing was staggering.

Pausing only to give myself first aid for shock from the brandy bottle in the sideboard, I staggered out to the kitchen, where Molly was washing up.

★ ★ ★

"I suppose you remembered to post your pools coupon?" I croaked, with a weak smile.

"Oh, I didn't actually send it in," said Molly brightly. "I just wanted to see how many I could get right. It was just a practice attempt, really. Why? Did I do well?"

"Here's the paper," I said hoarsely. "Check the coupon for yourself."

"I can't do that," Molly waved the paper away. "I don't really understand these things."

I haven't told Molly how near she was to winning a fortune. I need all the brandy for myself. (COPYRIGHT)

## HONEYMOON

IT finally broke on June 21 when Miller was appearing before the Un-American Activities Committee which was delving into his political past in Washington. Yes, he told reporters, we will be married before July 13.

That is the day Marilyn sets out for England to make "The Sleeping Princess" with Sir Laurence Olivier.

He hopes to get a passport -- held up because of his political activities -- and travel to England on honeymoon.

So Marilyn Monroe, the wail who has grown to be filmland's queen of sex, is setting out on the third stage of her marital career.

The first stage could be labelled securely, the second (fun), and the third? Will it be labelled culture? Or Love?

(COPYRIGHT)

## ON MONDAY: THE MAN HIMSELF

# HOUSEWIFE'S CHOICE

—By—  
**Gerald Allen**

were always stationed in queer places."

I looked at the list again.

"May I ask what womanly intuition suggested Crystal Palace?"

"I remember its being burned down," she answered simply, adding hastily, "I was a baby in arms at the time."

"You must have been a very heavy and backward baby. You were ten years old, at least." I was becoming a bit soured. "And what beautiful memory made you select Torquay?"

Too late, I realised I'd put both feet right into it.

"Just that we spent our honeymoon there. My dear wife's tone was frigid in the extreme, as she matched back her ten selections. "I don't expect you to remember trifles like that, of course."

With a debarment but plying smile I watched her fill up the "Friend's" coupon I gave her. My attitude of amused resignation lasted for two days, to be rudely shattered by a perusal of

the Saturday evening paper. All ten of Molly's selections had won away from home! Even allowing for beginner's luck, the thing was staggering.

Pausing only to give myself first aid for shock from the brandy bottle in the sideboard, I staggered out to the kitchen, where Molly was washing up.

★ ★ ★

"I suppose you remembered to post your pools coupon?" I croaked, with a weak smile.

"Oh, I didn't actually send it in," said Molly brightly. "I just wanted to see how many I could get right. It was just a practice attempt, really. Why? Did I do well?"

"Here's the paper," I said hoarsely. "Check the coupon for yourself."

"I can't do that," Molly waved the paper away. "I don't really understand these things."

I haven't told Molly how near she was to winning a fortune. I need all the brandy for myself. (COPYRIGHT)

WHO are the monocled men of 1956? Opticians tell me that only a thousand or so monocles are now made each year; that half the wearers have one weak eye, half wear for effect.

I approached the dashing 34-year-old Major Julian du Parc Broome. You see him at fashionable gatherings.

He lights cigarettes in a gold holder with a gold lighter, and perches a rimless monocle in his left eye.

It has no visible means of support. Neither a "gallery" the gold wire circle that fits under the eyebrow -- nor a cord.

He told me: "I have short sight in my left eye, of course, but girls always ask me to put the monocle away -- it embarrasses them."

His worst monocle moments? He said: "I was having lunch with Lady Somebody-or-other at Sunbury. My monocle fell into the soup. Thick soup luckily -- it didn't get broken."

"Once, I was dancing when it popped out and fell down the front of my partner's dress. She caught it. It felt odd."

How long does a monocle last him? "Two years," he said, "and nowadays I hardly ever drop it."

His wearer, Edward Herbert St. George Moss, First Secretary at the British Embassy.

Timothy, who told me the story at Cambridge's Trinity May Ball, got his bed for the night.

\*\*\*\*\*  
**A PROTEST**

THE Marchioness of Winchester, formerly Babay Pavry, daughter of a Parson high priest, has protested to Lord Howard de Walden, a steward of the Jockey Club, about the name of an Ascot winner.

The horse is named Zarathustra and is owned by Mr T.J.S. Gray.

Said the marchioness: "The horse is named after our prophet. It is blasphemous. Lord Howard de Walden promised me he would draw the attention of the owner to this fact."

Lady Winchester, who married the 93-year-old premier marquis of England four years ago, told me: "I am occupying my time these days being the premier marchioness of England."

"I never get bored with social life -- I had to do it as a high priest's daughter just as much."

I asked the 92-year-old marchioness about her husband. She said: "He has never been in better health."

\*\*\*\*\*  
**V.C. KEPT OUT**

ONE man was turned away from the V.C. Centenary Exhibition opened by Sir

Anthony Eden at Marlborough House. He was a V.C.

Mr Sidney Hughes, 65-year-old veteran of Mons, stood alone at the rear of the little crowd which had gathered outside to watch Sir Anthony leave. In his lapel a strip of five ribbons, including the V.C.

"I was told I had to have an invitation to get in," he told me. "I came down from Birmingham specially to see the exhibition. But the policeman wouldn't let me in."

"I don't want to make a fuss or anything. They have to do their duty." He walked away. A pity some of our policemen don't know the colour of a V.C. ribbon.

\*\*\*\*\*  
**AH, THAT TIE!**

TIMOTHY HORN, a 24-year-old Old Marlburian, stood helplessly in the middle of Belgrave during a cheap car holiday.

He had to wait 24 hours for his tyres to be mended. Night fell. He had no money, no bed. A man came darting out of a doorway. Under the street lamp Timothy recognised the Marlborough tie.

His wearer, Edward Herbert St. George Moss, First Secretary at the British Embassy.

Timothy, who told me the story at Cambridge's Trinity May Ball, got his bed for the night.

\*\*\*\*\*  
**A PROTEST**

THE Marchioness of Winchester, formerly Babay Pavry, daughter of a Parson high priest, has protested to Lord Howard de Walden, a steward of the Jockey Club, about the name of an Ascot winner.

The horse is named Zarathustra and is owned by Mr T.J.S. Gray.

Said the marchioness: "The horse is named after our prophet. It is blasphemous. Lord Howard de Walden promised me he would draw the attention of the owner to this fact."

Lady Winchester, who married the 93-year-old premier marquis of England four years ago, told me: "I am occupying my time these days being the premier marchioness of England."

"I never get bored with social life -- I had to do it as a high priest's daughter just as much."

I asked the 92-year-old marchioness about her husband. She said: "He has never been in better health."

\*\*\*\*\*  
**V.C. KEPT OUT**

ONE man was turned away from the V.C. Centenary Exhibition opened by Sir

## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

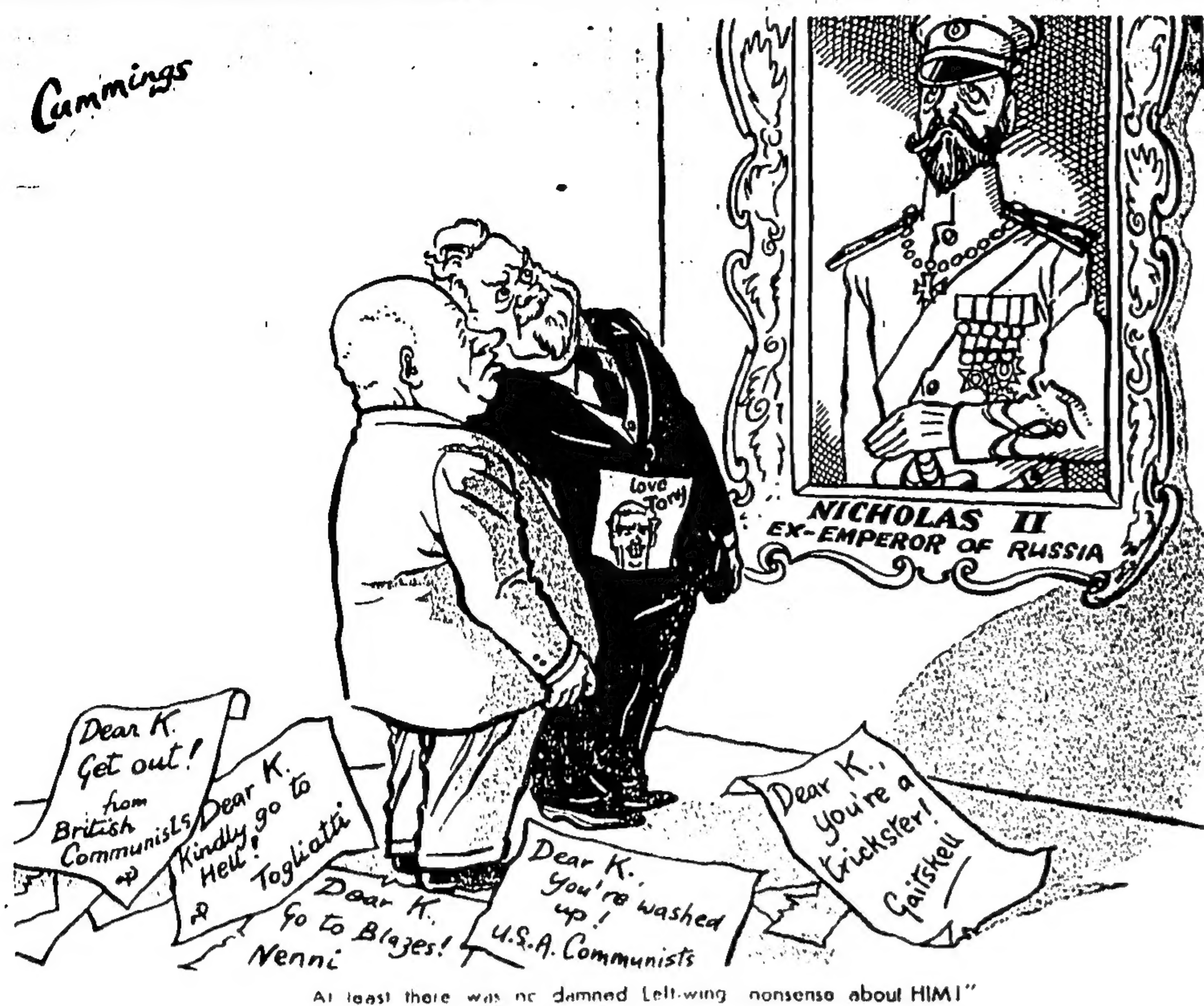
By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



TALK ABOUT MAGIC! Have you seen Admiral AIR CONDITIONERS AND REFRIGERATORS



Cummings



## IT'S A WOMAN

### WHO KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS AT LORD'S

By ROMANY BAIN

"If you want to know anything about the history of cricket," said the museum attendant, "you'll have to ask the Curator. That's her office over there."

I tried not to look surprised for "over there" was the H.Q. of the Marylebone Cricket Club, the pavilion at Lord's one of the men's most exclusive sporting clubs in the world, where enthusiasts patiently wait 30 years to become members.

#### Potted history

But there was Miss Diana Rait Kerr in that holy of holies, the Long Room, giving a potted history of the game to a Scotsman. Neatly suited in milk chocolate moogashel, she looked

small and improbable standing beneath the famous oil of Dr Grace.

But when she started to speak Mr Widen himself would have admired her delivery. She gave detailed description and date of each pitch-shaking event in the chronicle of bat and ball, confidently disposing of the curved ball, the two stump period, and the Hambledon men in a brisk couple of over.

"It took 30 years for them to accept over-arm bowling," she said, twirling her keys. "The Hambledon said it would be death to the game, but by 1864 they had accepted it. Like automation," she added.

Miss Rait Kerr did not know the difference between long leg and short leg until her father became the secretary of the MCC in 1934. During the war (when she drove an ambulance) various book collections were left to the club, and there was no one to look after them. "The library and I both happened by chance. The books were all lying about in the Pavilion, so my father asked me to come on a temporary basis for six months to see what was what."

There are now about 5,000 books in the reference library and even the novels must have a flavour of the wicket about them. They are perused by club members, students, and research workers, "but it's not usually the players who read the books; it's the cricket followers, and those who have never been very good at the game," says the librarian. I felt she had probably read them all herself.

#### Expert knowledge

She has been accepted into this male stronghold because of her expert knowledge, and her sex has been overlooked. But there is no need for the MCC to adopt an anti-feminist attitude, for some of the best ideas originated from us in the first place.

It was a Miss Christina Willes who, unable to bowl underarm in her school, first inspired her brother John to copy her and try round-arm bowling on the field. "He was promptly no-balled, and was so furious he jumped on to his horse in the outfield and rode straight home," said Miss Rait Kerr delightedly.

The Ashes themselves, gladdened in solemn splendour in the Imperial Cricket Museum opposite the Pavilion, are another tribute to woman's ingenuity. They started off as a personal feminine joke played by some merry Melbourne belles in 1882. After the famous obituary notice had appeared in the Sporting Times for the death of English cricket, they presented the English captain on his next visit to Australia with an incinerated ball in muffled urn. (The ring-leader of these damsels afterwards married the captain, Ivo Bligh, later Lord Darnley, and when widowed many years later she presented the urn to Lord's.)

#### Charming gallery

Up the marble stairs is a charming gallery of pictures. Top-hatted fieldsmen with crossed braces passed eternally stern first at square-leg, their faces long forgotten, and the stuffed sparrow intercepted in flight above the pitch perches for ever on the ball that slew him.

There is even the actual ball hit by the immortal Albert Trotter in 1899 right over the top of the pavilion into No. 6, Grove End Road—a splendid incentive for cricketers posterity.

Among these trophies hangs a record of another feminine feat. "Single wicket match between the Ladies of Rochester and the Ladies of Maidstone, Brown's Meadow, 1838," reads the caption, and 11 darling females in muslin and poke bonnets wait patiently for the ball.

#### Better followers

"Do you think ladies should receive the bowling now?" I asked her. "As long as they don't try to compete with men," she said drily. "Though they make better followers than men when they are really keen."

Even Miss Rait Kerr does not watch all the matches herself ("Unfortunately my office does not face the pitch,") but for important fixtures she finds herself an "inconspicuous nook."

For even if MCC etiquette forbids her to watch play from the pavilion, as a cricket historian she would hate to miss another shot over the top of it.

Next Saturday: The Coming Revolution of Human Nature.

# BRAVE NEW WORLD REVISITED

By Aldous Huxley

In 1932 Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World" was the literary sensation of its day. In this, the first of three articles, Mr Huxley examines world population problems in the light of his earlier prophetic fantasy.

"BRAVE NEW WORLD" was a fantasy, but a fantasy about the future and therefore, by implication, a prophecy. How good was the prophecy? Twenty-five years later, the question begins to admit of an answer.

I will start with those aspects of what was then the future, about which the book was silent. The most conspicuous absence from "Brave New World" is any reference to A-bombs, H-bombs or nuclear power plants. It is an absence all the more inexcusable since the Bomb was already, in the early thirties, a subject of drawing-room conversation. At some distant date (so the popularisers of Einstein assured us), matter would be converted into energy. After which we might take our choice of three possibilities—the end of everything, or the Millennium, or, more prosaically, business as usual, only a little more so. For reasons which I now find it impossible to explain, I failed to provide my Utopia with atomic power.

#### Uninvited Guests

THE other great absence is any discussion of a less spectacular but actually much more important subject—population. I had some inkling in 1931 that a problem of population was in the making. Twenty-five years later, with 600 more millions of human beings already pressing upon the world's resources and another hundred and odd thousand uninvited guests sitting down, every single morning, to breakfast, it has manifestly become the problem. Compared with the menace of this explosive increase of population, all the other threats confronting us shrink into insignificance.

In "Brave New World" I postulated the existence of a society which had, in its own way, permanently solved the population problem. An optimal figure for world population had



A recent picture of the author.

been determined, and the supply of test-tube replacements was regulated so as to prevent any but the slightest departures from the norm. Such an optimal, stable population is a prime condition of any Utopia. For, where population is rapidly increasing, long-range planning is impossible. So far as we are concerned, a permanently favourable relationship between a stabilised population and carefully conserved resources is merely a dream, a pious hope, a far-away goal to be aimed at without much hope of getting there before it is too late.

By assuming that the goal had already been reached, I conveniently by-passed what promised to be the most congested and dangerous stretch in human history; I got out of the difficulties that confront us today and will confront our descendants for many years to come.

#### Planned Utopia

BY way of excuse, I can claim that I was not making a reasoned forecast of predictable trends; I was writing a fable about a totally planned Utopia and the means whereby it might be maintained as a going concern.

This fable, as I hope, to show later on, is not alto-

gether irrelevant. It speaks of our condition and of what is likely to be the condition of our descendants. But it failed to deal with certain aspects of contemporary life, which threaten to force themselves more and more painfully on the collective attention of mankind.

#### The Under-Nourished

IF I remember rightly, the numbers of the Brave New Worlders were held at a figure somewhere between 2,000 million and 3,000 million. According to the most recent figures issued by the United Nations Statistical Office, world population stands today at 2,735 million. In the light of what is known to have happened to world population between 1950 and 1954 previous estimates of the rate of increase have had to be revised upwards from 1.25 percent to 1.5 percent per annum. This means that human numbers are now increasing by a little over 40 million a year.

If the rate remains constant, this increase will itself increase according to the rules of compound interest. And if stops are taken to reduce the current mortality from contagious and insect-borne diseases, the annual rate of increase will exceed 1.5 percent and human numbers will be

doubled, not in fifty-five years, but in less than half a century.

Two-thirds of all men, women and children now alive are under-nourished. If their increasing numbers are to be maintained even at their present level of semi-starvation, there must be an increase of the world's production of food of 1.5 percent per annum. And if there is to be any perceptible improvement in the lot of the majority, there must be an annual increase of not less than 2.5 percent preferably of 3 percent or 3.5 percent. Except perhaps in those highly developed countries which need it least, there is no prospect of such an increase being achieved in the near future. Nor, if it were achieved, could it possibly be maintained, year in, year out, over a long period.

#### In Short Supply

INDUSTRIALISATION is the goal of all under-developed countries. Greater industrial production leads to greater food production. But we must not forget that the more completely the world industrialises the sooner will its supplies of irreplaceable raw materials be exhausted. By the seventh century after Ford (the date of the events recorded in "Brave New World") the results of intensive and extensive industrialisation would certainly be making themselves felt. Petroleum and many metals would be in short supply, and much more labour than is now necessary would have to be spent on the task of providing power and raw material.

Meanwhile, how easy is it going to be to industrialise the under-developed areas of our planet? No retrospective answer was given in "Brave New World," and from where we stand at present the prospects seem confusing and dark.

#### Historical Accident

THE industrialisation of the West was the result, among other things, of historical accident, which can never, in the nature of things, be repeated. The exploitation of virgin lands in the Americas and Australasia provided enormous quantities of cheap food for Europe, which was thus enabled to take millions of peasants off the land and put them into factories, where they could produce, among other things, the machines and chemicals which permitted a further increase of food production both at home and abroad.

Millions of African and Asiatic peasants can be herded into factories—but only if their place on the land is taken by machines. But the days of empty spaces and enormous food surpluses are over. How will the ex-peasants be fed during the not inconsiderable time required for building the new factories and producing the machines which will, eventually, take the place of these ex-peasants on the land? And what is going to provide the necessary capital? Capital is what is left over after primary needs are

satisfied. But in under-developed countries, most people's primary needs are never fully satisfied. Consequently nothing is left over.

In the highly industrialised West the amount of available capital is seventy times as great as in the under-developed countries. The capital locally available in Asia and Africa is wholly inadequate to the task of substantially increasing the food supply or industrialising on a large scale. And, as rising population presses more and more heavily upon resources, the amount of available capital will dwindle almost to the vanishing point.

#### Forced Labour

UNDER industrialisation, forced labour will be increasingly used to make up for deficiencies in the supply of capital. Slaves take the place of savings and will be freely spent—in other words, worked to death. Two birds will thus be killed with one stone: new wealth will be created and old population pressures temporarily relieved.

Eighteen hundred million members of the human species are underfed, and in Asia alone between 100 million and 150 million families are living in urban or rural slums. Slum clearance requires vast capital expenditures; but, as we have seen, there is no capital and the population of Asia is increasing by about 20 million a year. We can look forward, during the next half-century at least, to deepening misery, and the social and political consequences of deepening misery.

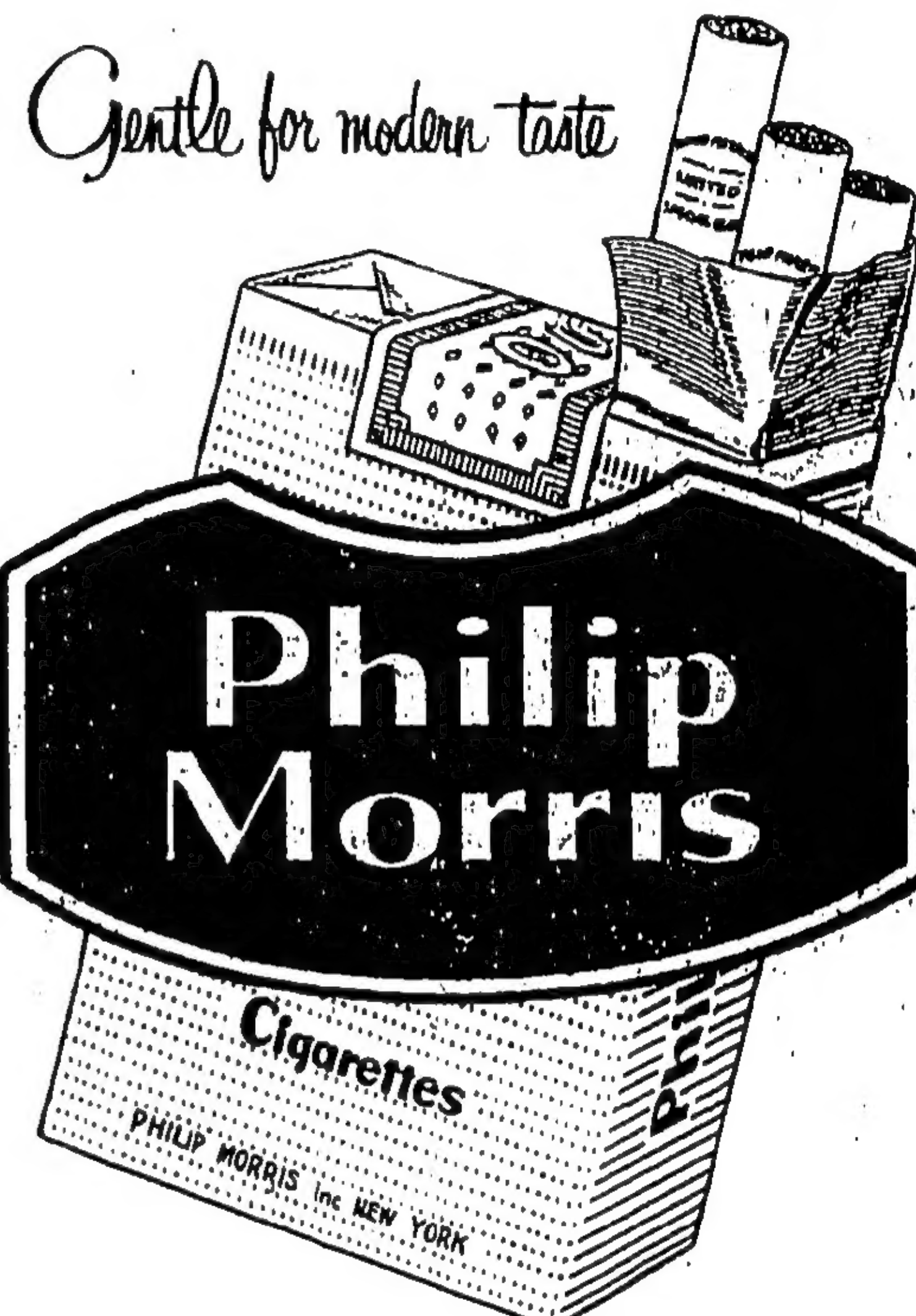
If this misery is to be lessened and some at least of its most dangerous consequences avoided, the present efforts to increase agricultural and industrial production must be accompanied by a concerted effort to reduce the rate of population increase. Among the Brave New Worlders population was regulated by the central authority, and the pressure of birth control by individuals had been turned into a quasi-instinctive behaviour pattern.

#### Population Policies

EUGENICS and complete control of population can be imposed only on a domesticated species by its domesticators. But man, as Sir Charles Darwin likes to point out, is a wild species and will tend, during the next million years of his sojourn on our planet, to behave as a wild species, living up to the limit of his food supply and having his numbers controlled by the good old rule, the simple plan devised by Mother Nature.

But even Sir Charles is ready to admit that, within the million-year life of the species, there may be periods during which man will briefly behave as a self-domesticated creature. That we may soon enter upon such a period seems probable. Within the next ten or twenty years, we may expect to see the formulation by the various national governments of an agreed population policy, and the development, by doctors, pharmacologists, sociologists and theologians, of appropriate methods—physiological, psychological, and chemical—for implementing that policy.

(CONTINUED)



Around the world in a week or a year!



A ROUND-THE-WORLD travel ticket from Qantas is valid for a full year.

Time spent in the air, right around the world, is less than four days. You can actually make the whole trip in as little as a week—but why would you want to do that when so many opportunities for a wonderful travel adventure can be yours with Qantas' help? At every port you will find Qantas officers or agents ready and willing to advise you on accommodation, currency, side trips, and customs.

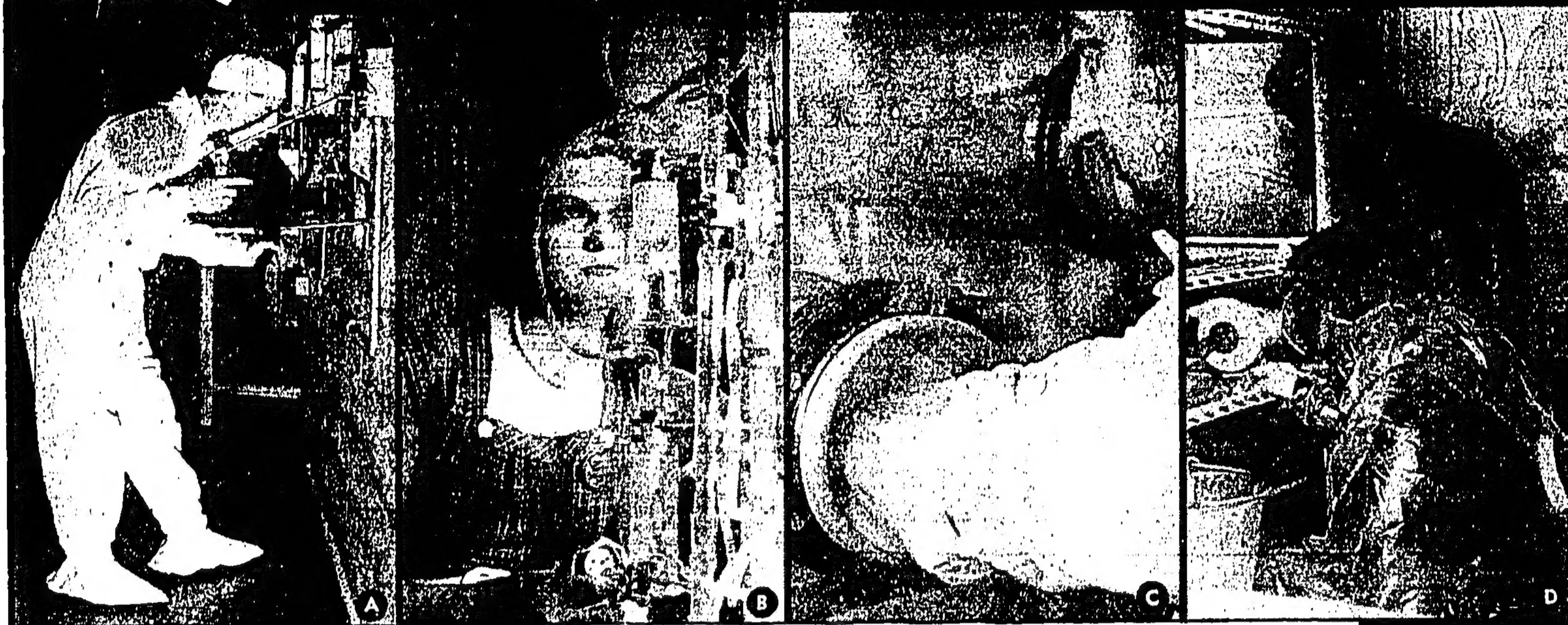
For the holiday of your life, see the world through Qantas.

**QANTAS**  
AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE  
to 5 continents

QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS LTD., in assoc. with B.O.A.C. and T.E.A.  
Agents: Jardine, Matheson & Co., Ltd. Phone: 2311, 2498  
and leading Travel Agents



# TODAY INSIDE HARWELL, H.Q. OF ATOMIC POWER



## CHAPMAN PINCHER GOES BACK FOR A LOOK AFTER TEN YEARS

This is his report:

**T**HIS once-sleepy village of Harwell on the Berkshire Downs will go down in history as the place where more creative ideas were generated in the last 10 years than anywhere else on earth.

used in the power furnaces of the future. The thick wall of protective lead which shields these workers from the direct rays of the splitting atoms cost about £20,000.

The Harwell men believe they will be the first in the world to make this major step. In another still secret building near the main one, Dr. W. Fry is using a weird electrical machine, like a huge glass doughnut, to tap the limitless power of the H-bomb for homes and industry.

Harwell, with a staff of 4,500 and bulging at the seams, has now reached the limit of its expansion. No more atomic furnaces will be built here. Radioactivity of the air has reached the permissible limit and the difficulty of disposing

of any more radioactive waste is too great.

New atomic stations with names like Winfrith in Dorset and Dounreay in Scotland will be coming into the news.

But there is every sign here that progress in the next 10 years will be even more tremendous.

(COPYRIGHT)

(A) A technician in protective overalls and shoe covers works with remote handling tools through a thick wall of lead.

(B) Beauty inside Harwell? Certainly—here's 19-year-old research worker Pita Kene.

(C) Here the danger is not so great but care is needed, and no chances are taken. Working in a transparent glove box.

(D) In heavy rubber suits, craftsmen work on radioactive material. All is piped to their helmets from outside the sealed workshop. They will be hosed down thoroughly before they take off the suits. And they have frequent medical checks.

### NO EATING

**I**N the laboratory where the explosive metal plutonium is machined the notices warn no eating as well as no smoking. Plutonium is so poisonous that one speck as small as a pin can be fatal. (Through a plastic covering I handled a 1lb. slab of this violent metal and found that it was permanently hot from the atoms exploding inside it.)

Machines which make heavy water, costing 35 times more than whisky, or produce a radioactive gas worth £50 a bubble are fascinating, but the men who invented these gadgets are more astonishing.

For years many of them put up with life in a pre-fab shanty town working for modest wages and enduring security indignities involving their families and friends.

The routine of health checks with atom-ray detectors constantly reminds them of the danger under which they work — without any danger pay.

The average age of these men on whom Britain will depend for solving her economic difficulties is only about 30.

Many of them have persistently overworked for years without strikes or stoppages of any kind to achieve tight schedules on time.

### TALENT

**I**N spite of repeated screenings and security drives they have never lost their sense of humour. (Remember how the pennant was whipped from Bulgaria and Khrushchev's car under the noses of the security guards when the Russians visited Harwell in April.)

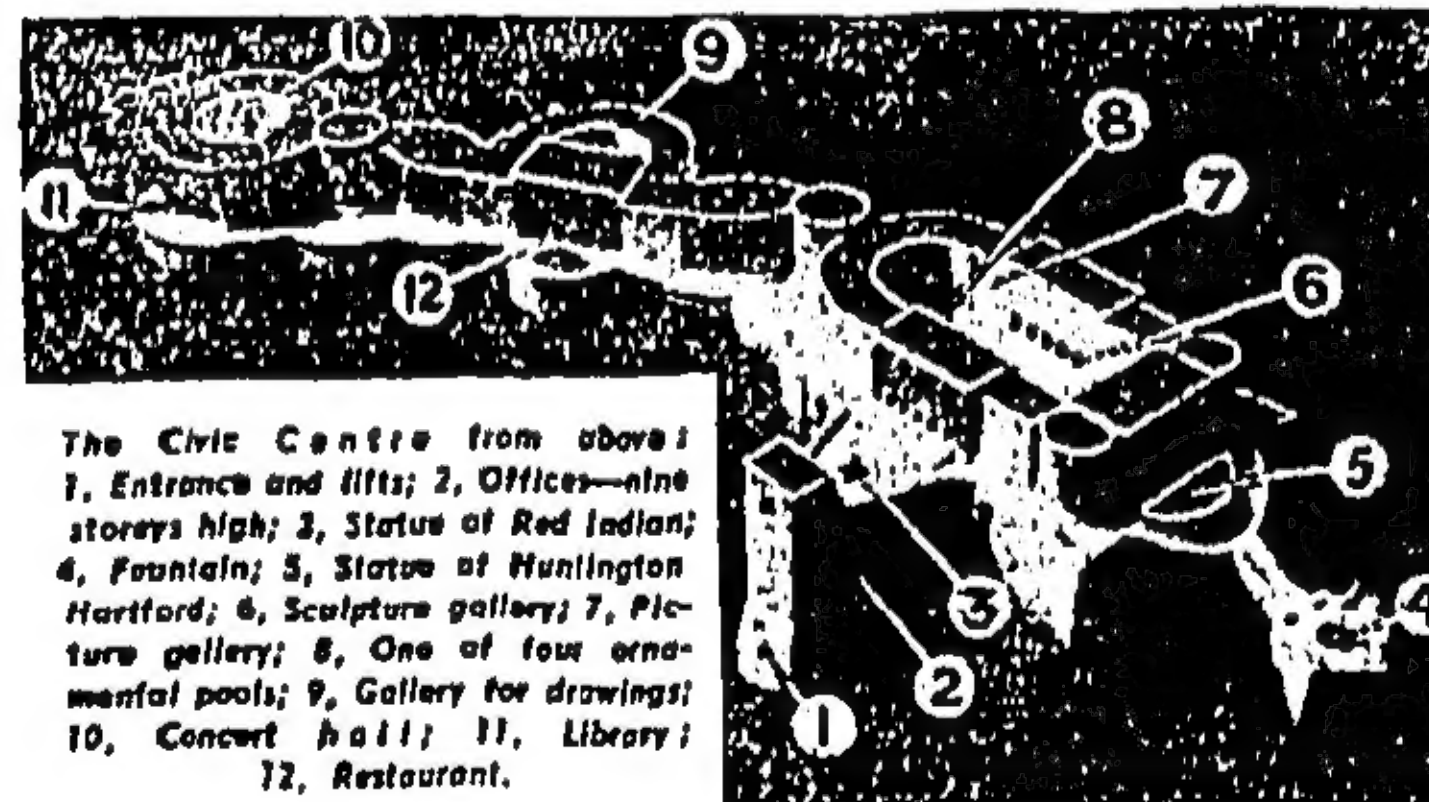
Though Harwell has yielded some of its finest brains to the firm now entering the atom industry, it still bulges with talent and buzzes with ideas.

In one laboratory a team led by Peter Fortescue is far advanced on a power project which was recently thought to be impossible.

In all the atom furnaces built so far the rods of uranium fuel have had to be encased in a protective metal can. If the can could be eliminated without losing the heat of the fissionable fuel, the furnace could be run much hotter and would produce far cheaper electricity.

## Miss de HENRIQUEZ DESIGNS HER DREAM CITY

by ANNA LANDAU



**A**N American visitor to Britain walked one day into the Knightsbridge home of Miss Flore de Henriquez, an Italian sculptress, and gave her a commission that, she says, "made my knees tremble and kept me awake for weeks."

With Medici munificence Mr Hartford is prepared to spend anything up to ten million dollars on his cultural buildings. He has already started a £200,000 foundation to support resting actors, artists, musicians and writers.

The American was Mr Huntington Hartford, millionaire grandson of the founder of a chain of grocery stores. The commission was to design, in collaboration with an architect, a civic centre for Hollywood with a concert hall, library, and galleries for paintings and sculpture.

Miss de Henriquez and architect Claude Phillimore have been working on the project for the last year and a half. Now their model has reached America for the patron's approval.

Mr Hartford has also built a theatre in Hollywood. His wife is Marjorie Steel, the actress, whom London has seen in Sabrina Fair. He was previously married to Mary Elizabeth Epling, now the wife of Douglas Fairbanks, jr.

So far Miss de Henriquez has signed three contracts for each stage of the work, and made two trips to Hollywood ("where the churches look like butchers' shops, and the butchers' shops like churches") in order to see the setting—a 200-acre canyon in the heart of the film world.

Flore de Henriquez at work on a commission in her studio.

once the property of John McCormack, the singer.

How much will she receive? It seems no fee has been decided yet. "We did not even discuss it," Mr Hartford is a dreamer. I am also a dreamer.

With a voice that grips words as strongly as her hands do clay, with tight trousers and loose jerkin, black hair cropped to jagged arrows on her brow, Flore de Henriquez might well have been employed by Hollywood in a remake of St Joan.

But a new battle is starting, and the glass-roofed civic centre

will be military headquarters. From it Huntington Hartford plans to fight modern abstract art.

"Of course I agree with him—I loathe abstract art," says Miss de Henriquez as she strides between the pedestals on which stand half-sculpted heads in plastic hoods.

Flore de Henriquez was born 35 years ago in Trieste. At the age of 17 she saw someone working in clay. "I fell in love with it, and ran away from home to art school."

But what brought her to England seven years ago, when

she was already well established in Italy? With her explanation, her anger spurs.

The town of Salerno held a competition for a statue for the main square. The winner was Flore de Henriquez. "But others were jealous. I was a woman. I didn't belong to the place. Two weeks after the unveiling, my statue was blown up with dynamite."

"And that," says Miss de Henriquez in the indignant idiom of her adopted country, "was the last straw."

(COPYRIGHT)

## A son for the man who escaped a massacre

—AND THE MOTHER IS MANON

**T**WENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD French film actress Cecile Aubry, who starred in Manon—has given birth to a baby boy. This follows the revelation recently of her secret marriage some time ago to Caid Ibrahim, the eldest son of El Glaoui, the late Pasha of Marrakesh.

Ms. Aubry's husband owes his life to a remarkable piece of political foresight on her part. She had got to know Morocco well while filming there, and had kept in touch with events, leading up to the restoration by the French of the Glaoui's enemy, the Sultan of Morocco.

As a result of her warning Ibrahim escaped one of the most barbaric massacres of modern times. This occurred on May 2 and 3 this year at Marrakesh, when 37 of the late Pasha's closest friends were slaughtered. Ibrahim left Marrakesh only a few days before the massacre.

### Unlikely

Now it seems unlikely that Ibrahim will ever be able to return to Marrakesh to take up his title of "Guardian of the Atlas Mountains and Lord of the Caravans," which was his father's.

Nevertheless, Ibrahim has inherited a large part of one of the greatest personal fortunes in the world.

### First trip

**L**ADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN is in Paris on her first trip to Europe for seven years. She will be going to London to be re-united with her parents. At the moment she is acting as companion to an American business woman, who is on a European tour.

She looks almost maternally new and appears to be completely Americanized. She talks with an American accent, and her conversation is spattered with Americanisms.

"I am a complete New Yorker now," she told me, "and wouldn't live anywhere else. After all, it was New York which gave me my chance. When I realised that I would

have to work for a living it was New York which made it possible for me to do so. All the shopgirls and others with whom I worked were simply swell, when they might have made things difficult for me. And when you've lived in a city that long you learn to sort out your friends—the fair-weather ones from the real ones."



CECILE AUBRY Her warning saved the Pasha's son.

Lady Iris is still something of a celebrity in New York. She told me that recently she quarrelled with an Italian restaurant proprietor in New York because he refused to give her a detailed bill. Next day a New York newspaper headlined: "Salome Went Pay For Her Polony."

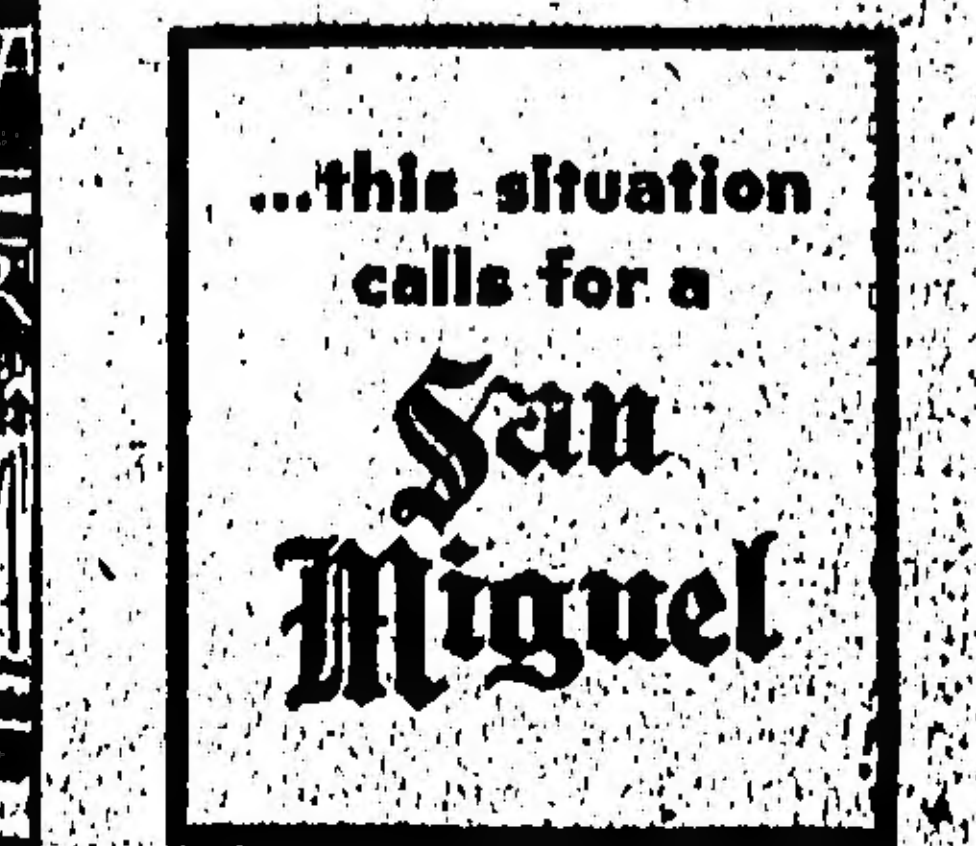
### A theatre

**F**INANCIAL Notes: Millionaire Carlos Bestigui has built himself a private theatre in the grounds of his country house near Paris. It is lavishly equipped and seats 200. Professional companies, including the Comedie Francaise, will be hired to perform there on their nights off.

(COPYRIGHT)



### JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

...this situation calls for a San Miguel



# WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Here is a woman who refuses to believe that a mother-to-be need look dowdy before her baby is born. This is how she looks...

## One month to B-day

By EILEEN ASCROFT

HOW beautiful can a mother-to-be look before her baby is born?

Well, have a look at the picture on the right. It was taken recently of Gillian Arizzone, a 23-year-old mother-to-be who expects her baby IN ONE MONTH.

Gillian, who is a model and is married to publisher David Rowse, used to measure 35in.-22in.-36in. And today? She says frankly: "I'm 50in. all over, but I don't mind. I've never felt better."

Gillian's maternity wardrobe is an object-lesson in how to be 50in. all over without being dowdy and dismal.

She has just had a belly in Capri to get herself fit for baby's arrival. She is tanned and glowing. And she has proved that finding elegant clothes for mother-to-be is no difficulty.

For beach and casual wear, Gillian chose a cunning two-piece, of washable rayon mixture, in green and red tartan, with a wide neckline and a loose-fitting sleeveless waistcoat.

which she can wear over an evening blouse or a sweater.

See how slim and young she looks in the picture. "The first drainage slacks I've seen for a mother-to-be," says Gillian.

"Aren't they fun?" Gillian asks. "I can't wait to wear them. Gillian wears a black tulle skirt, with adjustable zips, topped with a beautiful lace blouse in a steel-pink and silver brocade.

### DEEP NECKLINE

It has a deep V-neckline and a small, upstanding collar. This neck interest is important in all clothes for a mother-to-be.

For daytime wear Gillian chooses a slim black skirt and a crisp, loose cotton top. This is hip-length and very smart. It's the longer smocks that have that dowdy look.

Large "coin" spots of black, spring green and blossom pink decorate the white ground and the boat-shaped neckline is finished with a white pique collar.

Gillian loves her shortie-housecoat in no-iron cotton because it is pretty and practical. "I can do all the housework in it and, joy of joys, it needs no ironing." It fastens down the front and comes in blue, pink or navy, all with white spots. Also of no-iron cotton are her shortie nightgowns, with square necks and red spot designs. Her last dress is right for any formal occasion or can be dressed up with jewelry for a party. In black nylon, pleated from a shoulder yoke, Gillian describes it as "the nicest maternity dress I've ever seen."

### STILL GLAMOROUS

With its own petticoat and stiffened half-slip, it is also supplied with a gold belt so that it still looks good after the baby is born.

"I seem to have broken most of the rules for an expectant mother," says Gillian, "and I've never felt better in my life."

She flew to Capri, swam every day, danced till the early hours of the morning and enjoyed speedboat riding. She prefers orange juice to milk, keeps her usual diet and does all her own housework.



For casual wear Gillian wears a tartan outfit with drainpipe slacks.

We even found her up a step ladder cleaning her windows, and for evenings she still wears high-heeled slippers. She plans a large family. "Dozens I hope, I love children."

But at the moment she is hoping for a son, whose name will be Sebastian Anthony Michael, Sam for short.

Right through her first pregnancy she has preserved

her looks and glamorous appearance. Looking good, she believes, is essential to a woman's health and happiness. WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED London Express Service.

## How To Dress For Special Dining-out Occasions

By JILL CAREY

RESTAURANT clothes are back in London—dresses designed simply for elegant dining-out, not for dancing. They have cropped up in all the important dress collections, almost always in black.

A good restaurant dress, has three qualities: it must be well

cut in a good fabric which won't crease or sit out, it must be simple enough to enable you to wear it again and again, and it must have the decoration above the waistline—so that it still shows when you are seated at the table.

Smartest London diners-out are choosing from the new season's collections, little dresses with short back—buttoning boleros which they can wear in the afternoon too; rustling short dresses in silk with picture-frame necklines to show off their jewellery; fitted tunic coats which they can wear out and about during the day, and washable dining-out dresses in heavy ribbed cotton, of the kind we've seen until now reserved for furnishing fabrics.

Many of these dresses are nothing more than elegant backgrounds for this year's hats, elaborate cuffs, or a silk shawl, or a soup-plate of chiffon loaded with overblown cabbage roses.

### Simple But Effective

A simple but one hundred per cent effective hat we've seen lately was a large hat packed with white marabout feathers which the owner wore with a perfectly plain chemise topped dress and a magnificent diamond clip. The hat, she told me, was stored in her wardrobe in a plastic bag, cleaned weekly with French chalk. It made all the other hats in the restaurant look over-lushy.

Back for first-nighting and very special dining-out occasions is the full dinner dress—a floor length sheath (the skirt just wide enough to allow you to hobble out of the taxi) in black, of course, with a cashmere kimono fashion above the waistline.

Two successful dresses seen dining out lately were a short-skirted gown of chalk white grosgrain, simply cut, accompanied by a stole of transparent ruffled lingerie nylon, and a chemise dress with a bell-shaped cigarette pleated skirt, topped by another narrow skirt of chambray lace.

### Bright Decors

London's restaurants stay open longer, have brighter lights, serve better food, & favourable dining-out spot at the moment is La Popote 17, rue de

—decorated in Edwardian style with faded green velvet upholstery, swags of hobbles fringed chenille curtaining, and elaborate oil lamps.

The decor was designed by artist Louisa Sainsbury, and his greatest triumph is the ceiling—lined in dark green velvet, studded with tiny torch-bulbs which, when lit, give the effect of a star-lit sky.

La Popote is staffed by a team of ungracious young men who leap between the tables with the grace of ballet dancers, in checked cotton chef's trousers, minute striped butcher's aprons. They cheer at the customers, and at each other, but the food is excellent, and many famous personalities dine there.

### Bizarre Coffee Bars

Espresso coffee bars have developed into favourite night haunts for after-theatre-goers and refugees from Debussy parties. Staple diet at these bars is salad, spaghetti and savoury omelettes, or giant baked potatoes smothered in butter and grated cheese with, of course, endless cups of frothy white coffee.

The coffee is the only thing these bars have in common. As each new one opens, it has gone more bizarre than its neighbours and the decors currently available range from Cuba and Ancient Egypt to a Spanish bull-ring.

At the Cat's Whisker, tucked away behind Piccadilly Circus, you can listen to amateur guitarists while you sip. At another coffee-bar you can hear budding poets declaiming their own works. Or at Heaven and Hell, a newly-opened coffee bar in Soho, you can, depending on your current mood, sit upstairs in Heaven with its sugary decor of blue-birds and angels, or scumble your way downstairs to the Outer Circle—a cellar painted black entirely—tables, chairs, ceiling and floor, with only too realistic red flames on the walls; the whole lit by very dim ghouliah lamps.



A strapless one-piece swimsuit of printed cotton by Jean Dessar—Agence France-Presse.

## FRENCH DESIGNERS START NEW TREND BEACH FASHIONS GO GAY AND COLOURFUL

FRANCE, undisputed leader of creative dress-making, is making a strong bid against the competitive Italian market in beach and sportswear.

An exciting new source of inspiration has sprung up on the Côte d'Azur within the last year, led by a group of ten designers located in and around Nice. Operation costs are lower than Paris, and the climate and location is logical for turning out attractive sun and surf fashions.

### PROVOCATIVE CHINESE DRESSES

Trends in summer casual clothes are as riotously gay and colourful as a country carnival. Theatrical costume effects worn with a flair and plenty of self-assurance seem perfectly at home on the beach.

This season, inspiration is traced to many countries and eras, typified by exotic Moorish coats in Turkish, toying with spill-scamed Chinese beach dresses provocatively worn over slim bathing suits, and turn of the century boned "Baldonette" and apron dresses laced up the back like Grandmother's corset. Literally everything is "going up" in bathing suits. One-piece models covering up the midriff tend to replace the nude bikini type of swimwear. Washlines are up in new bathing costumes as well as streetwear. With high Empire treatments slashed under the bustline. This idea is worked on fitted maillots with colour and a fabric contrast on the bodice, removable boleros and

harnesses, or inset undercuts tied with drawstrings. Necklines are built up, although many retain convertible treatments to facilitate even sun tanning.

High halter necks hug the throatline, or cuffed shoulder-tie collars form little cup sleeves. Other variations are scooped necklines or deep squares with a modified sailor collar.

There is a strong revival of knitwear in bathing suits, notably the old Gertrude Ederle type of maillet in bold stripes with high round neckline and mid-thigh length pant legs.

The costume look emerges in all types of swimwear, with nearly every suit accompanied by its matching coat or throw-on beach blouse. Bright cotton prints are popular, with the little coat lined in solid toned towelling.

### FOUR-IN-ONE ENSEMBLE

Henry J. la Penée of Paris and Cannes features "four stripes on the same match" in a new ensemble, combined in coat and white striped and ribbed cotton, trimmed with white tulle.

There is a pair of abbreviated swim shorts and matching bra edged with tulle; a V-necked pullover in solid toned tulle, and striped sweater jacket with roving pockets toping all. Genevieve Fath goes all out for unusual beachwear, featuring subtle peacock effects in sheer transparent fabrics. She makes a fetish of a soft Nile green colour, featured in full organza skirts, or smocks skirted into a

round neck yoke like a child's smock.

A smart accessory ensemble from this house is shown in Norwegian—patterned canvas lined with white terry cloth consisting of a long middie blouse, with matching beach mat and parasol that rolls up to carry in a portable leather harness.

### PANTS IN VARIED FORMS

Pants are still an A 1 fashion, and this summer is going to see a varied parade from the briefest boy's shorts, graded through every length to full-length slacks.

There are new "hop in" one-piece overall suits; puffy bloomer and romper playsets with matching removable skirts; chambray, Buenaconce and "crazy" printed cottons.

If Grandmother's corsets prove an inspiration in beach dresses, copies of Grandfather's denim breeches from down on the farm appear in trousers, complete with fly front.

Stripes are a leading note, used in every conceivable manner. In Genevieve Fath likes striped English schoolboy blazers in flannel, worn with Bermuda shorts, and knee-length cable knit socks.

Types of Arab burnouse wraps and pointed hooded middies. Separately cut Medieval helmets in fabrics matching the costumes are designed to keep hair neat in high winds.

Paulette, the Parisian milliner, shows evening cardigans in silk organza with a self-hood which converts into a draped scarf at the back.

Fantasy hair ornaments, jewellery and frivolous accessories tie in with the gay carnival spirit of the French Riviera.

Princess Grace of Monaco has launched two definite trends of her own: one towards longer, smooth hair rolled under page boy style; the second a craze for oversized men's sunglasses bordered with a wide tortoise shell frame.

### "CHOPSTICKS" FOR CHIGNONS

Feathers, fruit and flowers are the themes in jewellery and hair ornaments; trimming combs or topping spiky chopsticks to be spouted through the chignons that are so much in evidence with the trend towards longer "convertible" length hair.

Jacques Heim goes to darkest Africa in his amusing beach collection, with curious tribal jewellery. There are collar "neck stretching" collars and matching bracelets to be worn on the upper arm; dangling voodoo charms on ankle bracelets; and rings on the fingers and toes. Dangling with numerous tiny bells, China Mail Special.



### The unusual and lovely in FURNISHING FABRICS

Are yours for the asking. These fabrics are designed by leading artists and produced by Horrockses in a variety of patterns.

**Horrockses**  
The Greatest Name in Cotton

**Tyeb & Co., Ltd.**

FURNISHING DEPARTMENT

**Quink**

OUT-PERFORMS ANY OTHER INK YOU'VE EVER USED!

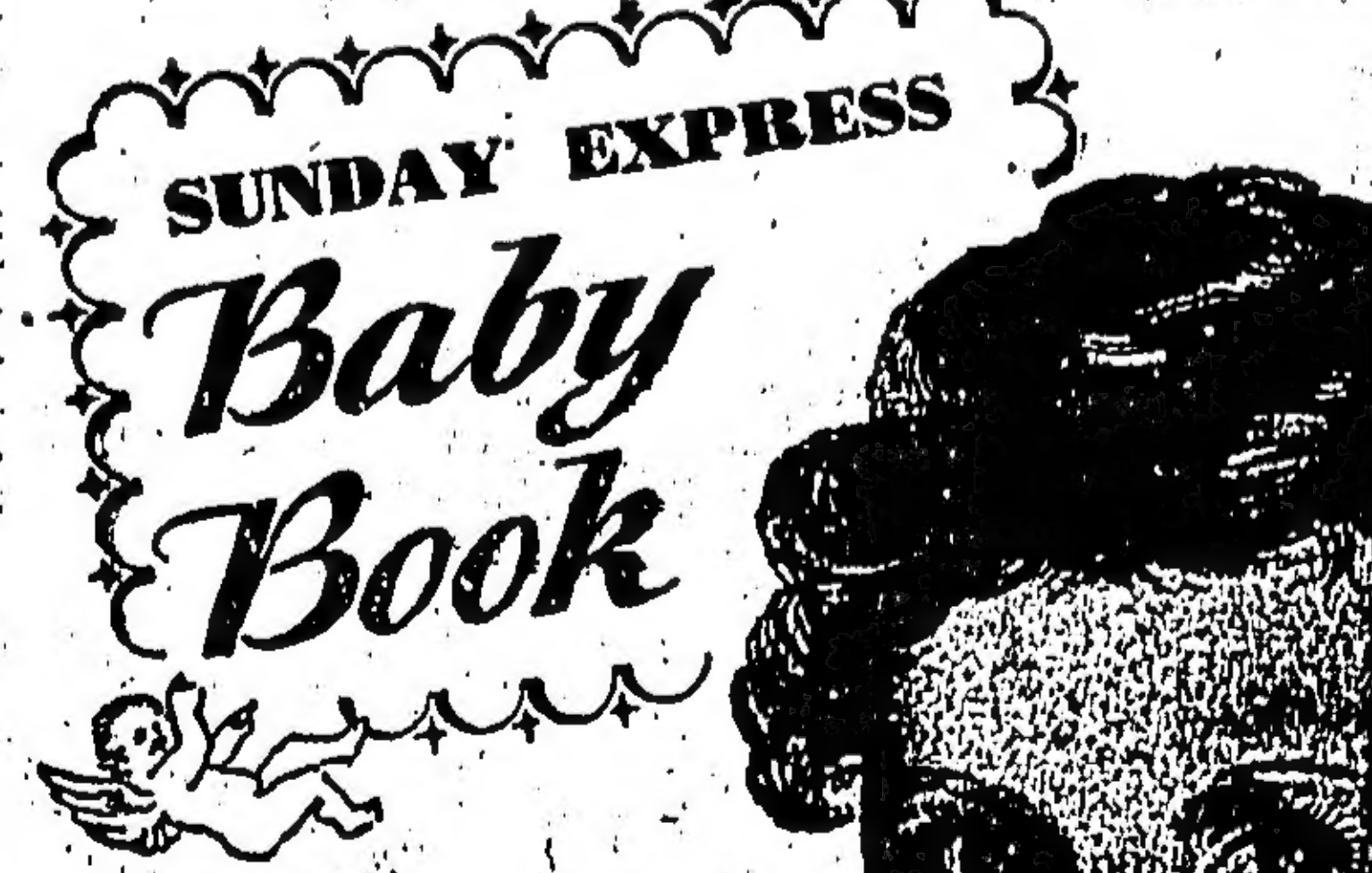


While Quink naturally performs best in Parker pens, it will improve the writing performance of any make of fountain pen ever made. Why? Because Parker Quink is the only ink that contains solv-x. solv-x is Parker's exclusive new ink improvement that, in addition to clog-free, skip-free, smooth writing, acts as a permanent cleaning agent in your pen!

Try improved indelible Permanent Quink now.

Quink... the only ink with solv-x... is made by Parker, the world's most famous name in writing equipment

Price: HK\$1.00  
Sole Agents: SHIRIO (CHINA) LIMITED  
PEN REPAIR SERVICE at ROOM 831, ALEXANDRA HOUSE



Here it is... the book that gives complete information on the care of the baby and small child from the prenatal period through to the sixth year... detailed advice on Routines, Menus, Reclines, Training, First Aid... Complete Record Section from Birth to the twelfth Year.

Illustrated by over 200 "how-to" photographs and drawings, some in two colours.

240 pages. Packed in attractive gift box.

**\$25.00**

Obtainable only at South China Morning Post  
Wyndham Street, Hong Kong & Salisbury Road, Kowloon





TWO pictures of local observances of Dominion Day by Canadians resident in Hongkong. Top picture shows Mr Roy G. Dunlop, President of the Canadian Club, paying respects to the war dead at the memorial service held at the Saiwan Military Cemetery. Bottom picture was taken at the cocktail party given at the Hongkong Club by the Canadian Government Trade Commissioner, Mr C. M. Forsyth-Smith (left). With him are HE the Officer Administering the Government, Mr E. B. David, and Mrs Forsyth-Smith. (Staff Photographer)



PROF. Gordon King (right) talking with Mr and Mrs Henry Ching at the farewell party given for him by the Family Planning Association, of which he was President. He is taking up a new post in Australia. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. Sir Tsun-nin Chau, knighted in the Queen's Birthday Honours, congratulated by Mr Tsang Wah-tsun at the dinner given to him by the St Stephen's College Old Boys' Association. (Staff Photographer)



GROUPED below are new committee members of the Gold and Silver Exchange Society, with Mr Ho Tim, the chairman, seated in centre. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mr and Mrs P. N. Beedle celebrated their silver wedding recently with a party for their friends. They are seen cutting their silver wedding cake. (Mainland)



PICTURE taken in San Francisco on June 23 on the occasion of Miss Ina Osmund's 21st birthday party. Miss Osmund is seated in middle row fifth from right, surrounded by friends many of whom were formerly of Hongkong. (Vince Tavaros)



WEDDING of Mr John Allan Auchincloss and Miss June Mary Martin at the Union Church, Kennedy Road. Bride and groom with their friends after the ceremony. (Staff Photographer)



Book through



for **ALL** SCHEDULED  
**SEA & AIR LINES**  
— BUS AND RAILWAYS —  
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

"One Office For All Services"

American Lloyd Travel Service Ltd.  
Shell House Tel. 31175

RIGHT: Group picture taken when Miss Libby Tin wed Dr Poh Eng-teck at the Registry of Marriages on Tuesday. The couple are leaving for Singapore, where they will make their home. (Staff Photographer)

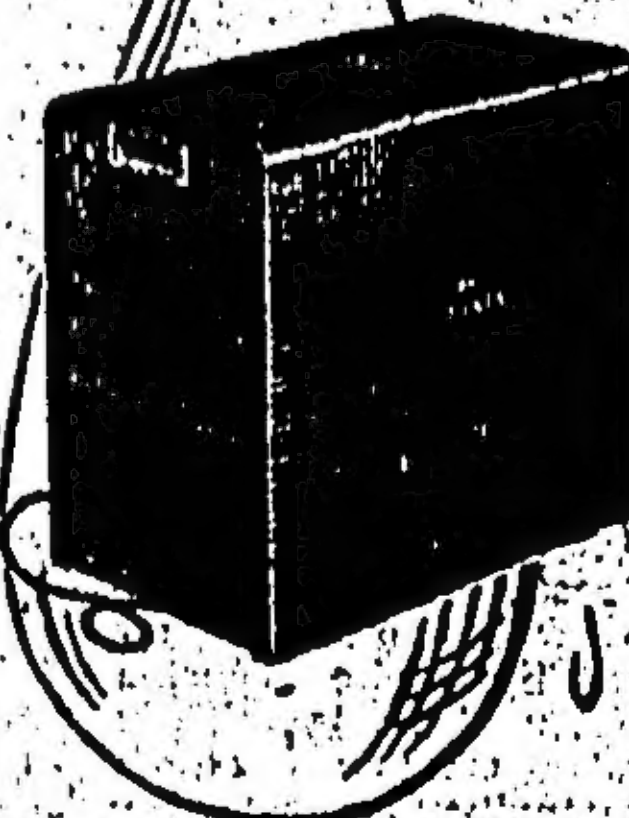


RIGHT: Aboard the Cable and Wireless cable ship, Retriever, during the official visit of the Commodore-in-Charge, Commodore J. H. Unwin. From left: Mr P.G. Cornish, Mr H. S. Bindon, Capt. J. G. West (of Retriever), Mr J. T. Lock (Manager of Cable and Wireless), Mr H.C. Baker (Divisional Manager) and Commodore Unwin. (Staff Photographer)



**OASIS Air Drier**  
stops moisture damage

- Removes moisture by electrical refrigeration.
- Takes up to 3 gallons of water a day from humid air.
- Costs only a few cents a day to operate.
- Small in size, only 12 1/4" wide, 16 1/4" high, 18" long.



**OASIS Air Drier**  
the finest in the world

from  
**GILMANS**  
Gloucester Arcade Tel. 31146





MR Eduardo L. Rosal, Consul for the Philippines, and Filipino residents at the community tea dance held at the Peninsula Hotel to celebrate Philippines Independence Day. Right: Mr Rosal with HE the OAG, Mr E. B. David, and Mr Angus MacKintosh, Deputy Commissioner-General for Southeast Asia, at the cocktail reception at the Repulse Bay Hotel. (Staff Photographer)



THE United States Consul-General and Mrs. Everett F. Drumright receiving guests at the Fourth of July reception. Mrs. Drumright is greeting Mr Justice J. R. Gregg. (Staff Photographer)

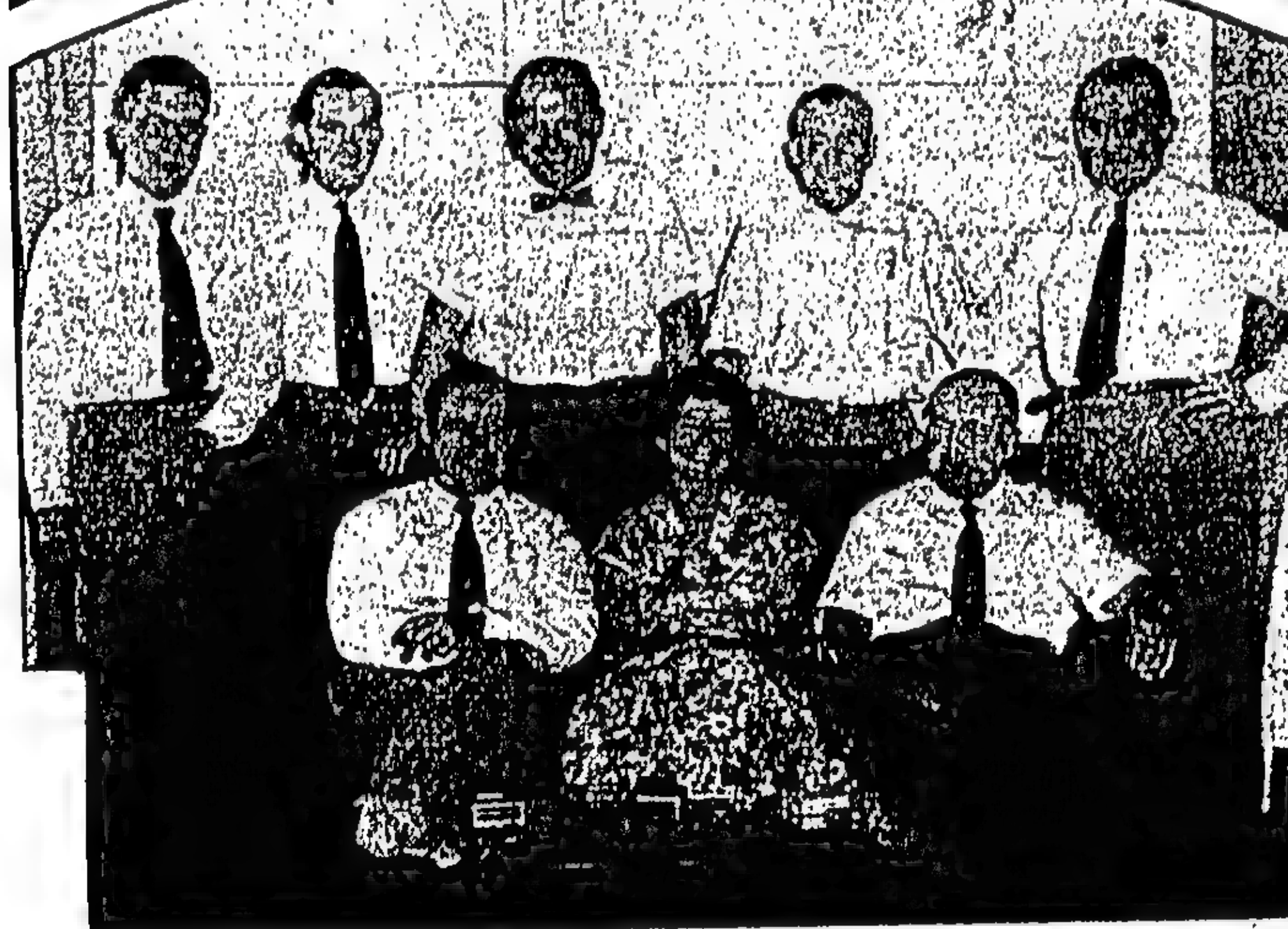


PC Chan To-sang receiving a silver whistle as best recruit from Air Commodore A. D. Messenger at last Saturday's passing-out parade at the Police Training School. The Air Officer Commanding took the salute. (Staff Photographer)

THE Director of Public Works, the Hon. Theodore L. Bowring, who opened the new Kowloon City ferry pier, is seen in picture on the right (standing in centre) with Mr J. C. Brown and Miss Rosalie Bowring at the cocktail party marking the occasion. (Staff Photographer)



MISS K. D. Cherry unveiling the black marble tablet at the new St Peter's School, West Point, to mark its official opening. Miss Cherry is Principal of St Stephen's Girls' College. (Staff Photographer)



OFFICIALS of the Swiss Air Lines who arrived in Hongkong this week on a world tour. They are Mr Willy Imhof, Dr Walter Berchtold, Messrs Fritz Kretz, Zach Kaolin, L. L. Ambord, Miss Wanda Cassina-Barca, and Messrs Walter Benz and Max Grother. (Mayfair)

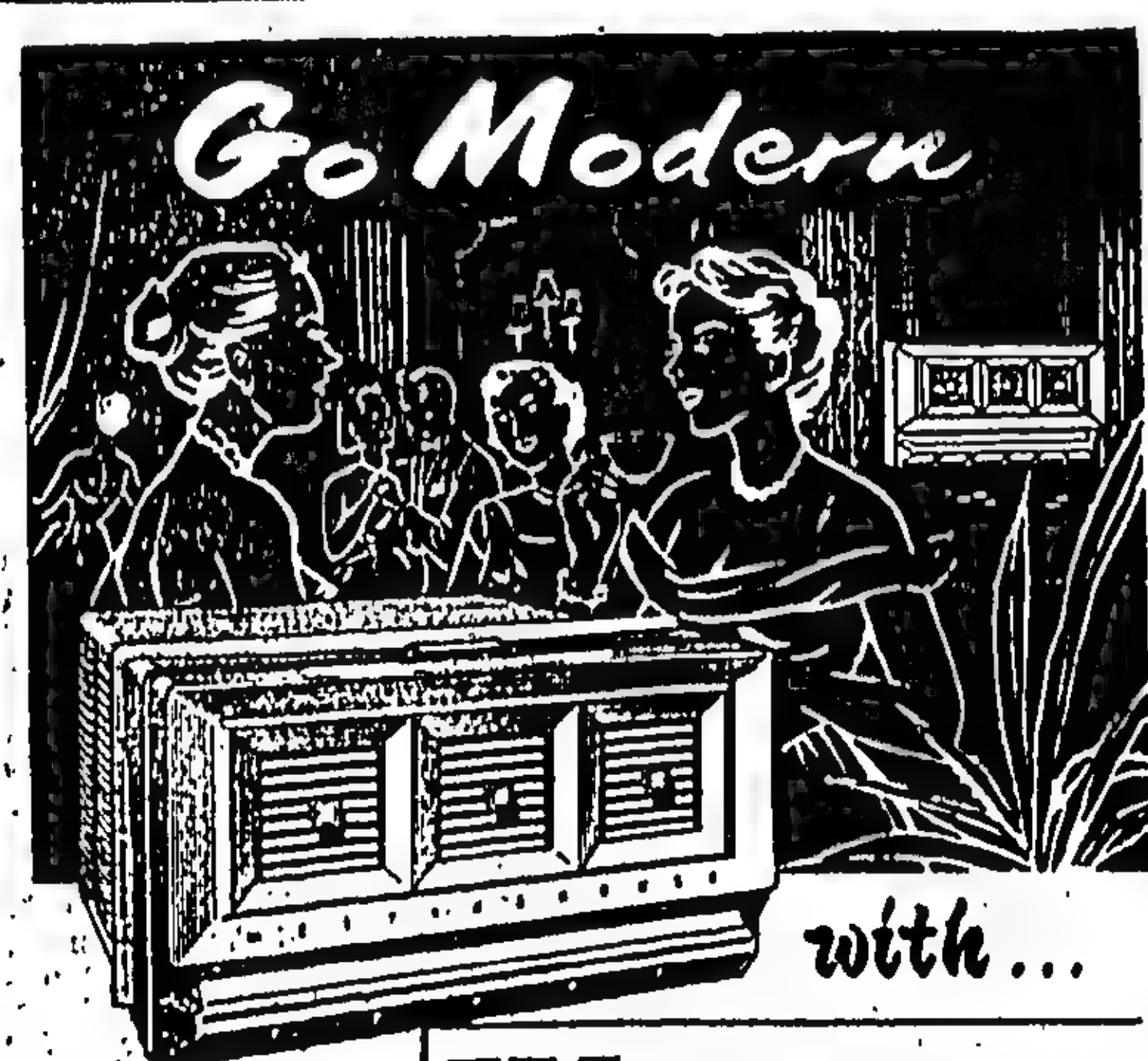


THE new Church of the Sacred Heart in Shatin, a Roman Catholic church, was opened on Monday by Bishop Lawrence Bianchi. Here, the Rev. Fr Ambrose Poletti, priest in charge of Catholic missions in the New Territories, is seen speaking at the reception following. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Brig. F.C.C. Graham, Deputy Commander, Land Forces, congratulating WO1 H. Dickinson after presenting him with the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal at the RASC Corps Sunday parade at Whitfield Barracks. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: The Portuguese Army football team from Macao and a team representing the British Army, who met at Sek Kong in the first Army interport game on Tuesday. The British team won 8-2. (Staff Photographer)



LATEST MODELS  
Just arrived

Westinghouse  
AIRCONDITIONING

Every member of the family will welcome this quietly efficient Airconditioner. Of luxury appearance and easily installed. Immediately available in 3/4, 1, 1 1/2 and 2 h.p. sizes.

DAVIE, BOAG & CO. LTD.  
ALEXANDRA HOUSE TEL: 51200

## THE EXPEDITION

### A RAINCOAT

MADE OF THE CLOTH  
THAT REACHED  
THE TOP OF EVEREST.

SEE THIS FINE COAT  
BY

AQUASCUTUM  
AT

MACKINTOSH'S  
ALEXANDRA HOUSE,  
DES VOUEUX ROAD









"BUT I SAY UNTO YOU...."

World Copyright by an agreement with the Manchester Guardian

## THE UGLY LITTLE SISTER GROWS UP IN BROADWAY

New York. If you saw the film "Picnic," you will remember the tiny, ugly younger sister, Susan Strasberg. It was a smallish part, but some sagacious moviegoers predicted a bright future for her.

It was the safest bet of the year. For before over "Picnic" had been shown

by C. Nicholas Phipps

in America, let alone London, Susan Strasberg was an established star on Broadway.

Since last October she has been playing Anne Frank herself in "The Diary of Anne Frank," the Pulitzer Prize Play of 1955.

usually grown up in The Business.

She lives with her father (a distinguished American producer and teacher), mother and brother ("younger but bigger than me") in what she claims is the second oldest house in New York. (Actual age unspecified).

She looks like a waif-and-stray. She is just five feet tall, pale and very thin. She has long, untidy-looking mousey hair, kept back by an Allie-in-Wonderland, enormous, sad-looking brown eyes and a much better complexion than most American girls.

### No Make-up

She uses no make-up, onstage or off, except a pencil on her eyes and eyebrows. Onstage her voice has a harsh whine that grates horribly on an English ear; "in real life" it is gentle and rather pleasing.

She moves beautifully and she has a charmingly proud self-possession.

Despite her ethereal, emaciated appearance she put away (in that order) a bowl of fruit salad, a huge slice of beef, quarter of an inch thick and

roasted "medium rare" (twice carried past the kitchen fire), a large green salad and a glass of milk when we met for a 6.45 meal-tee before the play.

After the play she eats "pastries and desserts and all kinds of crazy rich things."

She drinks water, milk (which she hates) and champagne "on occasions."

She has grit. For three months she was running a temperature with bronchitis and influenza. She went on playing until her doctor insisted she stay in bed. She missed only five performances. She with a temperature of 101.

She is thoroughly professional. "People say: 'Oh it must be so inspiring to play your part.' I tell them it's just hard work. Inspiration comes maybe twice in a lifetime, but you have to give eight performances a week. I never used to get nervous. Now I think I won't be able to go on sometimes. Nobody knew me then. Now I've got frightened having to live up to something. You've got to get better or worse all the time."

### Comparison

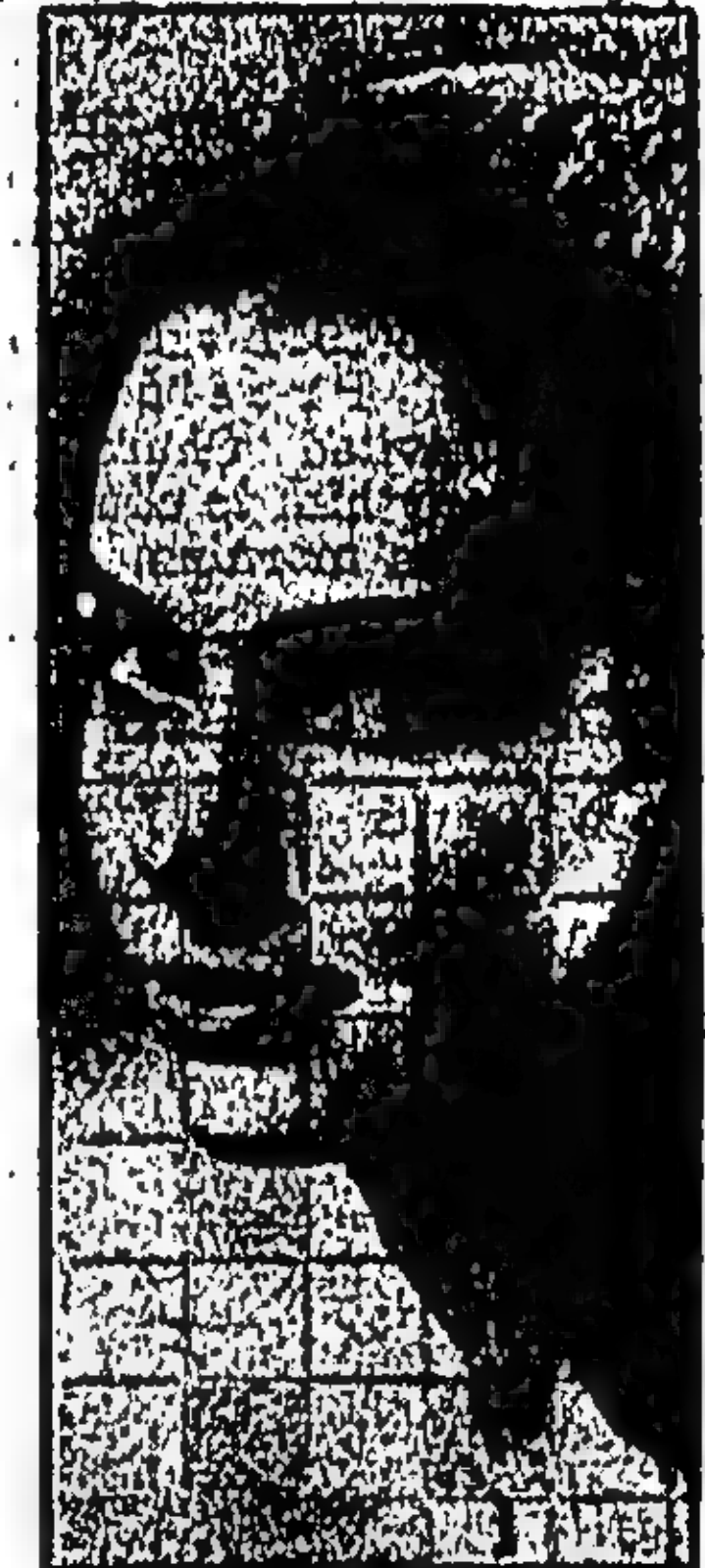
It is profitable to compare her with our 18-year-old: Anna Massey. Both are plain little girls who transcend their appearance. But Susan Strasberg has less warmth and gaiety; much less power to beguile.

In the same theoretical circumstances I can see myself lending Miss Massey money and lecturing Miss Strasberg on extravagance.

I would guess that a director would find Miss Strasberg an altogether better craftsman; the dependable professional against the hit-or-miss amateur.

Miss Massey is the better girl to chat with; Miss Strasberg to talk to. I doubt if Miss Strasberg has any small talk. But neither, he once confessed, had Wellington.

Miss Strasberg's talk is lucid, logical and informed. But painfully earnest. And all the more so for the curious pseudo-scientific jargon she affects, like many Americans.



SUSAN STRASBERG—she did not get her feet wet.

She doesn't have a shock: she has a traumatic experience. She doesn't pick up habits; she acquires them by osmosis. She doesn't console herself after a disappointment; she erects protective barriers around her ego.

She is going to London in August to rest for a month from the damp heat of New York. I told her that public curiosity might disturb her rest.

"Oh, no, Marilyn Monroe is coming over about the same time. No one will pay much attention to me." I think she will be proved wrong. But one word of advice.

Let her not wear her spectacles and use those long words, or people really will take her for just another blue-stocking.

(CONTINUED)

## Sir Thomas Beecham and The Girl From Toronto

By Sir Beverley Baxter, MP

TO those of us who are Canadians resident in London there is always a special interest when compatriots come across the Atlantic to challenge the fates in London. Whether it is a financier like Sir Walter Peacock, a dambuster like Lord Beaverbrook, an operatic baritone like Edmond Burke, a star soprano like Edwina or even a semi-Canadian like Stephen Leacock those of us who are resident in the Metropolis feel a special pride.

Contrary to the pessimists London is still the greatest city in the world. Paris may claim to be the temple of the mind, Vienna may contend that her opera is the best in the world, and New York can certainly boast that her skyscrapers are nearest to heaven, but the verdict of London has a finality about it that cannot be disputed.

Therefore I was specially interested to learn that Lois Marshall was to be the soloist at the Festival Hall with Sir Thomas Beecham's Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Nor was my interest lessened by the knowledge that the young lady in question was a native daughter of Toronto.

### Stormy Veteran

EVEN J. B. Priestley was impressed by Toronto. We were somewhat disturbed a few weeks ago to learn that he had behaved rather badly at a Literary Luncheon in the Queen City and I duly took him to task in a British publication under the heading: "Don't be Beastly, Mr Priestley!" A bit cheap perhaps, but provocative.

He does not usually turn the other cheek but a note has just arrived from him suggesting that we have a friendly talk about Canada. It seems in fact that he was much impressed by that expanding metropolis that stretches from the water front to the far North.

But now in London we were to have a young woman as a co-star with the stormy veteran of music Sir Thomas Beecham. Few artists have emerged un-

scathed from contact with the unpredictable temperament of that great little conductor whose family fortunes were found on pills.

Once at a rehearsal when a visiting prima donna at Covent Garden was singing off pitch he stopped the orchestra and said: "Madam, would you sound your A?" On another occasion when a fat soprano from Paris was rehearsing he remarked blandly: "There's only one possible explanation. She must be the mistress of the President of the French Republic."

### "Shut Up!"

ONE final example and we shall get down to our narrative. It happened years ago when Sir Thomas Beecham was conducting Fidelio on the opening night of the opera season when all the socialites were there. Unfortunately there was a sustained mutter of conversation in the audience as the gentle overture developed.

Putting down his baton Sir Thomas turned around and shouted: "Shut up!" The socialites gasped and were silent. "Either you shut up," he barked, "or I'll put you out."

And now the girl from Toronto had to rehearse with him as a prelude to the Saturday night performance. I do not know whether anything happened at the rehearsal but on the night of the concert it was good to see the vast hall packed to the roof. There was not a seat to be had by the unwary who thought that there would be plenty of room for a concert starring a young woman from Canada especially as her achievements in North America were not widely known in Britain.

### Immense Range

AFTER the opening symphony Sir Thomas left the platform to escort our visitor from the wings. We had learned that Lois Marshall had suffered from an attack of polio in her childhood which had left her permanently lame. Thus

she limped awkwardly as she walked but Beecham guided her with his hand as if she were an Empress.

The audience gave her a warming reception and wondered at her courage, for Mozart's "Exsultate, Jubilate" demands an immense range as well as perfect breath control. But she seemed utterly confident as Sir Thomas who had mounted the conductor's rostrum, raised his baton.

Not even the call of the blood can make me say that she completely conquered us at once. She was probably nervous and there were some notes in her voice that seemed to lack depth and colour. The voice was carrying well and her intonation was faultless but that indefinable quality of greatness was missing.

Nevertheless she was given a heart-warming reception at the end of the Exsultate. But the great test lay ahead. The Jubilate is a supreme ordeal. Not only has she to contend against the orchestra in full blast but the vocal range is from the low notes of the contralto to the top notes of a soprano.

### Unforgettable

NO wonder Beecham glanced at her with an appraising eye as he raised his baton. But our heroine showed no outward sign of nerves. Like all great boxers, orators, actors and singers, she was perfectly calm as the going went — or in this case as the baton was raised.

In a few moments we sensed that something unforgettable was happening. Here was a young woman whose voice was flooding the auditorium with a sheer exultant happiness that blended in perfect unity with the joyousness of Mozart's orchestral accompaniment.

Jubilate! Jubilate! Even to speak the word is to sense its extraordinary quality of ecstasy. But to sing it, to proclaim it on a B-flat that seemed to come from a mountain top is to venture into the uncharted territory of the spirit.

But it was not only at the top of the register that Lois Marshall was scoring her triumph. Her low notes, essential for contrast, were full yet perfectly in keeping with the rest of her voice.

One must admit that in the ovation that swept the auditorium at the end of the Jubilate we must give some credit to Mozart. I have never been an enthusiast about his opera but that is not uncommon with those of us who prefer the full singing, especially and especially

ity of Wagner. Yet in his Jubilate, Mozart carries us to heights of spiritual and I cannot think of any soprano whose personality and voice could have expressed the spirit of the piece with such perfection. After the end of the concert I went to Beecham's dressing room to render old acquaintances. He looked as if he had run a mile race in evening dress on a hot August afternoon. He is 77 years of age and his legs are not as springy as his mind.

### Enriched Spirit

TO my question on what he thought of Lois Marshall he answered: "My dear fellow, I knew she would be a success. She sang for me in America and I engaged her at once." Then he told me he was writing his autobiography. "It will provoke some controversy," he said blandly.

By a happy chance my wife and I had run into Mr and Mrs Alexander from Toronto on the way into the Festival Hall and they asked us to join them at a supper party at the Caprice Restaurant in honour of the heroine of the evening. So after leaving Beecham we joined the celebration party and I had the pleasure of sitting next to Lois Marshall.

She looked much younger than to the platform and her face, like her voice, has a unique quality of happiness. There is real merriment in her laughter and in her spirit. Yet from childhood she had limped with no hope that she would ever walk or dance or run like other girls.

Oscar Wilde wrote that out of sorrow have the worlds been built and at the birth of a child or a star there is pain. Sorrow and suffering can enrich the human spirit and Lois Marshall proves this to be true.

### Joyousness

CHILDREN are not normally endowed with tact and one can imagine the spiritual loneliness of Lois Marshall as a little girl who could not join her contemporaries at play. But life has a strange instinct for compensation.

I do not doubt that as a child her nature deepened and her mind matured because she had to remain apart from so many activities. Thus when she sings there is sorrow in her voice, when the music calls for it but as in Mozart's masterpiece there is a joyousness in her voice that brings excitement to the soul.

Now to bring myself down to earth I shall wander to Lord's Cricket Ground and calm myself in the deep religious quiet of a match between Middlesex and Australia. But I must be careful not to shout "Jubilate" if, in the course of the game, an English player should happen to knock one to the boundary.

(CONTINUED)

### What they say . . .

THEY were young and in love and they were trying to decide where to go for dinner. And like every one who is young and in love and trying to decide where to go for dinner—their conversation ran like this:—

SHE: Where will we go?

HE: Chez Peter's.

SHE: We always go there.

HE: What's wrong with it?

SHE: We always go there.

HE: Where will we go?

SHE: Somewhere small and romantic.

HE: I took you to Chez Peter's the first time we met.

SHE: I feel like celebrating something.

HE: You felt like that last week and it cost a lot of money.

SHE: Well,

HE: If you want a house when we're married you can't expect to go out celebrating every week as well.

SHE: If people can't go out when they're engaged they never will.

HE: You said last week you loved me so much you wouldn't care if we never went out.

SHE: And I meant it, I'd just like to go out SOMETIMES.

HE: WELL—where will we go for dinner?

SHE: What about Nico's?

HE: All right.

SHE: Now I think you're only taking me because I want to go.

HE: I am.

SHE: Don't you want to go there?

HE: If you want to go there we'll go.

SHE: I don't want to. MAKE you take me to someplace else.

HE: You can't MAKE me do anything. I don't want to.

SHE: Oh.

HE: But I'll take you wherever you want to go, darling.

SHE: I don't think I'm dressed for Nico's.

HE: You look fine to me.

SHE: Let's go to Chez Peter's.

OMEGA

"GENEVA COLLECTION"

In view of the great interest shown by the public in the Omega "Geneva Collection" of jewellery-watches, the factory has consented to allow it to remain in Hong-kong for another week.

Until the 10th of July it will be exhibited

BUDSON COMPANY

104, QUEEN'S ROAD, CENTRAL.

OMEGA LTD.

Sole Agents for OMEGA & TISSOT watches



Available everywhere \$10.00 per bottle. Sole Agents: DODWELL & CO., LTD.



SOAPY WATER

IS GOOD FOR PLANTS;

USE BATH SURPLUS IN THE GARDEN.

WATER IS PRECIOUS



POCKET CARTOON  
by OSBERT LANCASTER

# General's Badge Was Served At Churchill's Dinner

ONE MARINE'S TALE. By General Sir Leslie Hollis. Andre Deutsch, 185 pages. 15s.

MANY men are ruled by their valets. But not Sir Winston Churchill.

During the 1941 visit to Washington, President Roosevelt invited Churchill to accompany him to church on Christmas morning.

It was to be a great and solemn occasion. Churchill insisted on wearing his white waistcoat with his dark suit.

Sawyer, the valet, in the true Jeeves tradition, advised against.

The church, he said, would be overheated. A white waistcoat would be a most inappropriate garment for the occasion.

Churchill refused to be persuaded. He demanded his white waistcoat forthwith.

"Sawyer, how could you?" he said, when his valet confessed the truth. The waistcoat had been left in London.

General Hollis's story, however, is a most intimate glimpse of Britain's war leader.

## GONE FISHING

One Saturday morning Churchill rang Hollis—who was wartime Secretary of the Chiefs of Staff Committee—to ask for the CIGS to come to Chequers.

Hollis explained that the CIGS was out of town. Churchill then asked for the Chief of the Air Staff. Said Hollis: he was out of town too.

The Prime Minister was determined to get someone. Send down the First Sea Lord, he ordered. Not possible, said Hollis.

A mending note came into Churchill's voice. How was it, he asked, that all three Chiefs of Staff were out of London at the same time, and on what duties were they engaged?

Hollis gave the answer.

While holding the rank of Colonel, Hollis was guest at a small dinner party given by Churchill at Murrakesh. The Prime Minister rose from his place and carried a plate to Hollis's table. It was covered by a napkin.

"Your hors d'oeuvre," he growled. Benth of his era, the insignia of a major-general, plus cap-bridge and shoulder emblems. The Marine had been promoted.

During one of Marshal Siles' banquet speeches at the 14. The Tenth conference, a voice dropped a 3ft high mound of ice cream on the carpet. Pavlov, who was

busy translating his master's speech.

It flowed all over him. Unmoved, the highly-disciplined Russian continued his task.

Afterwards, Hollis discovered these were six Russian colonels—chiefs of Stalin's security guard—who had been left in a side room without food or drink. They were extremely disgruntled.

Hollis took in a bottle of Scotch and six glasses. Bottoms up—and it was gone. Another bottle was fetched, and another. Says Hollis: I returned to the main scene rather shaken.

Ernest Bevin and Hollis were present at a Defence Committee discussion on recruiting which was in a bad way. Said Bevin: "You know, you Chiefs of Staff, the best recruiting agent you ever had was unemployment."

Bevin explained how he had tried to join the Marines when he was on the dole. The sergeant, he told the assembled Brass Hats, glared at him and said: "Do you really think we have little quills of men like you in the Marines?"

At this, Bevin pointed a finger at Hollis and exclaimed indignantly. "And yet look at 'Ollis there!"

Bevin and Hollis were the same height.

## ★

PRIME MINISTER OF MIRTH, the biography of Sir George Robey by A. E. Wilson. Odhams Press, London, 18/- net.

TO the vast majority of English-speaking devotees of the old-time music-hall and later the variety stage, George Robey was the "Prime Minister of Mirth," the comedian whose artistry was irresistible, whose World War I "Bing Boys" was the greatest manufacturer of laughter in the history of the stage.

And George Robey was, undoubtedly, the most accomplished "low comedian" of his era. "Let us have honest vulgarity," was a frequent observation he made. But Robey, who was decorated with the CBE for his part in the war work, was a good cause, and in the last year of his life received a richly deserved knighthood, was very much more than a "low" comedian.

His philosophy was as pungent as his stage songs, and quips were fruitful. His deep sensitivity for his fellow men, his shy generosity, his unswerving contempt for stage microphones (and crooners which go with them), his tender love life, his great courage as an artist when at the age of 69 he staked his reputation by appearing on the legitimate stage in the role of Falstaff—all these characteristics made him a man among men.

Admirers of the late George Robey will feel grateful to A.E. Wilson for his biography of the invincible mirth-maker, so too will those who have never had the opportunity of seeing and hearing him either on the stage or in films. For this is a splendid study of a very human and humane person, whose own rise to fame he treated with genuine modesty, who in many respects gave more than he received and whose life, in several ways, could be taken as a model. —SAG

## ★

CENTURY OF A LIFETIME, by R. T. Johnston, Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London, 7/6d net.

WHO are the finest pair of opening batsmen cricket has produced? Hobbs and Sutcliffe? Woodfull and Ponsford? Hutton and Washbrook? Morris and Barnes?

The reader of this new book will be captivated to learn it was none of these giants. He has it on the authority of Mr Oberon Stringwood, President of St Bartholomew Cricket Club, that the honour belongs to Lockjaw and Gizzard.

Mr Stringwood backs his judgment by insisting that, with all due respect to Hobbs and Sutcliffe on a sticky dog at Melbourne, "they were never (like Lockjaw and Gizzard) called upon to bat year in year out, on pitches where the ball might rear off a length from a patch of nettles or shoot from a clump of daisies, besides breaking tortuously from inequalities in the wicket."

This is quite sufficient to compel the reader to bow to Mr Stringwood's judgment.

Mr R.T. Johnston, the author, has written a delightfully whimsical, gently satirical book about cricket. It tickles the fancy rather than promotes up-market laughter. It constitutes an essay in the art of good-natured debunking which every cricketer or lover of cricket would dearly like to be able to pen. It is all very good fun.—SAG

## Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN . . . by Walter



## IS BING GOING OUT—OR HAS HE GONE?

Cyril Stapleton's column



In Madrid last week Frank Sinatra paid this remarkable tribute to Cyril Stapleton. "I want to make a record with the Cyril Stapleton orchestra. It is the finest in the world." Stapleton is the most widely followed record commentator in daily journalism. Read him each week in the China Mail.

I HAVE just been listening to the new long-playing album by Bing Crosby. On the back of the jacket appears the phrase "Sung by The Inimitable Bing." It strikes me there is a spot of wishful thinking here, and that Bing is not quite as inimitable as the record people like to think.

In fact, I can say that as far as the sales of records are concerned, some of the imitators are doing better than the original.

Checking back I find that the last time Mr Crosby appeared in the Top 10 was in April 1954 with a tune called "Change Partners." On the other hand, some of the singing stars who owe their style to the master have been doing very well themselves of recent months.

Look at their names:—

Dean Martin has had a couple of big hits on both sides of the Atlantic. Perry Como is doing nicely with "Hot Diggity." And Dave King is riding for his third success in a row with "The Birds and the Bees."

These people—and others—all do well out of imitating the "Inimitable." At the same time the "Inimitable" himself seems to have gone out of fashion. I wonder why?

## 19 Gold Discs

It is because Crosby has become too familiar and we take him for granted? Or is it that he just doesn't pick the right songs to record any more?

The person who seems least worried is, of course, Bing. He still goes his own way, refusing to appear on TV and doing five radio programmes a week.

And if he needs any consolation for his failure to appear in the best-selling-record charts I should think he just lets his mind drift over the following remarkable facts: That he has sold over 100 million gramophone records, "White Christmas" alone has sold more than 9,000,000; "Jingle Bells" 5,000,000; and "Silent Night" 6,000,000.

He has 19 golden discs—each one represents a record which sold over a million, and that enough records have been sold to supply one each to nearly every inhabitant of the United States.

## Mice &amp; Man

I'D like to raise my musical cap to bandleader Johnny Dankworth. Johnny has just made a record for Parlophone which looks like becoming his first big seller. It's called "Experiments with Mice," and contains, not as you would think something which might result in a court action by the R.S.P.C.A., but a clever and amusing take-off of the varying styles of several famous bands, all playing the old nursery rhyme, "Three Blind Mice."

Johnny not only arranged and conducted this 11.5 m record, he also speaks the narration, and plays alto saxophone, clarinet, cowbell, tin whistle, and tympani.

## L.P.'s Level

FOR the first time in the history of gramophone records, long players are being sold in the same quantity as the ordinary variety. These expensive cases, which cost up to £2 each, are actually selling copy for copy with the ordinary pop 5s. 7d. 78's.

The two which have created this new record, by appearing in the Top 20, are Sinatra's "Swinging Lovers," and the sound track of "Carousel."

## My Fear

A NEW Elvis Presley, which will, I fear, be an immediate success is called "I Want You, I Need You, I Love You." I'm sorry I don't feel that way about him.

On the back, a tune with the title "Left Me."

## The Top Ten

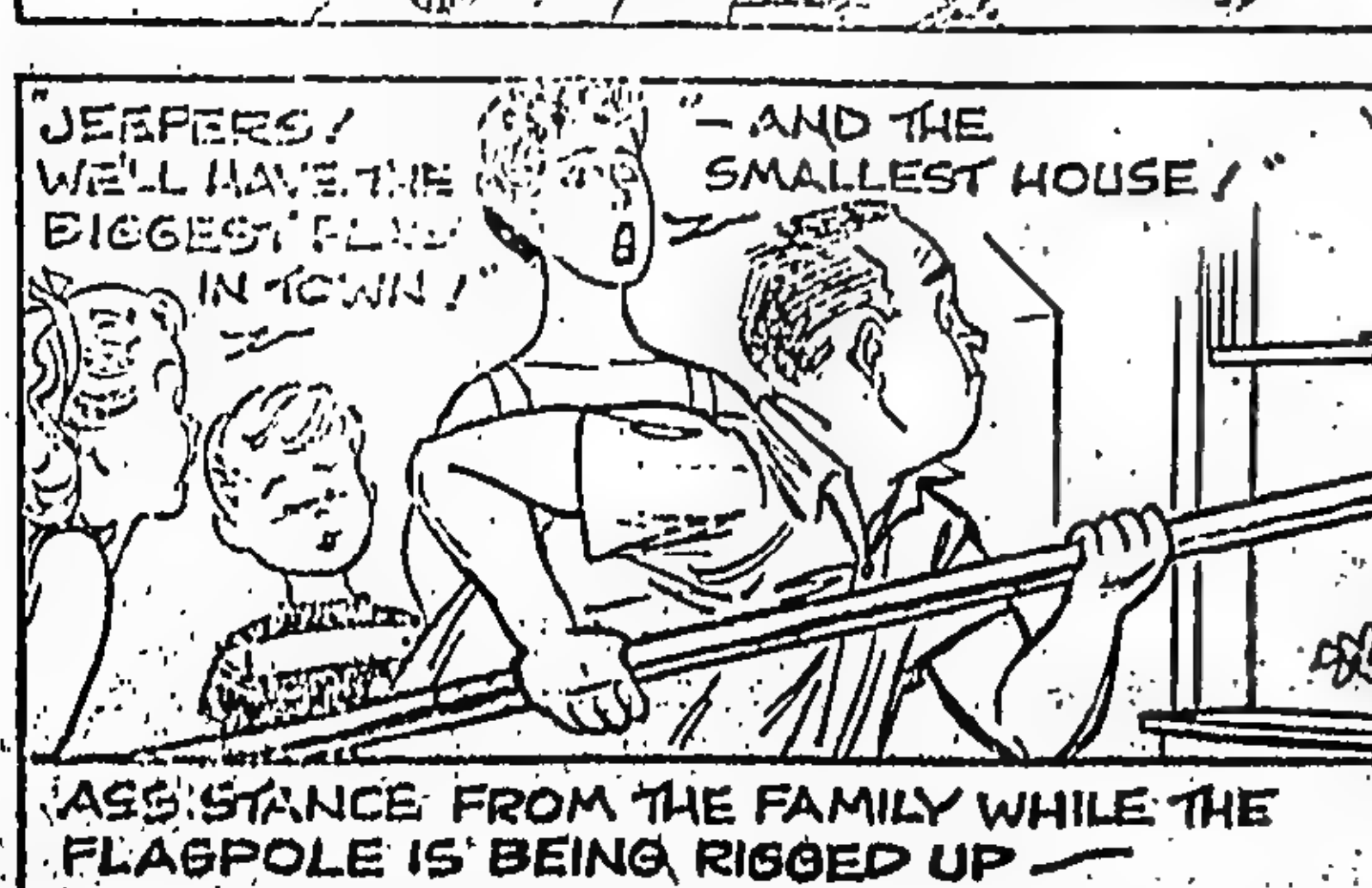
Here's the week's best-sellers:—

- 1 "TILL BE HOME," Pat Boone (London)
  - 2 "HEARTBREAK HOTEL," Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
  - 3 "LOST JOHN," Lonnie Donegan (Pye-Nixa)
  - 4 "NO OTHER LOVE," Ronnie Hilton (H.M.V.)
  - 5 "HOT DIGGITY," Perry Como (H.M.V.)
  - 6 "SAINTS ROCK AND ROLL," Bill Haley, Comets (Brunswick)
  - 7 "MY SEPTEMBER LOVER," David Whitfield (Decca)
  - 8 "TOO YOUNG TO GO STEADY," Nat "King" Cole (Capitol)
  - 9 "A TEAR FELL," Teresa Brewer (Vogue/Coral)
  - 10 "BLUE SUEDE SHOES," Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
- AND "EXPERIMENTS WITH MICE," Johnny Dankworth Orchestra (Parlophone)

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

## Yankee Doodle Dandies

BY HARRY WEINERT









## WEEK-END BOWLS

# A CRAIGENGOWER VICTORY TODAY MAY DECIDE THE CHAMPIONSHIP

Says "TOUCHER"

What may be the deciding match of the First Division of the Lawn Bowls League will be played off this afternoon at the Valley between Craigenower Cricket Club and Kowloon Cricket Club.

A 4-1 win for the League-leading Valley club will practically assure them of the Championship. With only four remaining matches to go after this afternoon's game they have only to contend with KBGC, Filipino Club, Talkoo and IRC "Gold".

They have only to average four points from these remaining games to bring their aggregate points to 51 which should be ample to earn them the title.

Last year's record became the Champions with 43 points from 16 matches and past records show that an average of four points per match has always been good enough to win the Championship. Fifty-one points will actually give Craigenower an even slightly higher average.

The chances of KCC or IRC "Blues" of becoming the Champions will depend largely on the outcome of this afternoon's game. At the moment KCC has two postponed games in hand—one against IRC "Gold" and the other against Recoelo. In seven matches they have collected 26 points.

If they lose today's game by 4-1, they must average four points in their remaining six games to equal Craigenower's likely total of 51 points.

Considering that among their six remaining matches KCC will have to play IRC "Blues", KBGC and Recoelo twice, the chances of their coming out on top must be regarded as very remote.

The same can also be said of IRC "Blues" who still have one postponed match against KBGC in eight matches they have taken 28½ points. An average of four points in their remaining matches will only give them 50½ points and on top of that they still have Recoelo and KCC among their remaining opponents.

## HOWEVER

A 4-1 win for the Kowloonites this afternoon will, however, take the race to an interesting finish. Craigenower can then probably end up with only 48 points and the Kowloonites will need only 19 points from their remaining six matches to overtake their rivals.



but there's nothing like a

## Carlsberg

EXCEPT OF COURSE  
...another Carlsberg

NOW taste the Difference

Sole Agents: THE EAST ASIATIC CO. LTD.

## SPORTS SPECTRUM

## Big John Is Struck Out By Mr Wong's Power Play

It was hot and sticky outside and both Big John and Mr Wong breathed a sigh of relief as they entered the cooler atmosphere of the club and made straight for the bar.

"The first item on the programme, my dear Wong, is the urgent replacement of today's sweat-soaked and serious spot of thirst-quenching," said Big John as he settled himself on a high stool under a fan.

Mr Wong watched the studied actions of the bar boy as he prepared the drinks and he seemed to be anticipating eagerly the pleasure that was just ahead, but his face changed quickly and completely as his companion lifted his glass, admired the cold crystal clear beer against the light of the window, and with a twinkle in his eye, said "First today, here's pink woods in your eye."

For a fleeting moment it looked as though Wong had lost his desire for the cooling beverage in his hand but, taking a long drink, he slowly placed his glass on the bar. "John," he said, "you and I have been friends for a long time and I think you should have known that if there was one way to ruin my enjoyment of that drink it was to mention the diabolical subject of coloured woods."

"Oh, I don't know about that," replied Big John, "I hear that one of the local radio sports programmes is threatening to discuss it too."

"The top man of the Hongkong Lawn Bowls Association talked about it on Rediffusion three or four weeks ago... in fact that was where I first heard about it... now every time I hear mention of coloured woods I see red..."

"...and a very distinctive colour too. Easy to see in a tightly packed head. But cool old man, I was hoping you'd put me in the picture about this commercialised 'softball' you were talking about the other day. Tell me, is it as sordid as it sounds...?"

"Sordid?" queried Mr Wong, "wherever did you get such an idea? The whole thing started at the Softball Association's Annual Dinner and Dance at the Pen. Doc Molten, who used to be Commissioner for the sport, made a short speech and during it he dropped a hint that he was about to throw a bombshell into the social works. He gave no hint at the time what he intended to do and that of course sparked all sorts of speculation and rumours. A short time afterwards he took part in an interview on Rediffusion's sports programme and the secret was out. 'The Doc, concerned at the steady deterioration in interest in the sport, had drawn up plans for a new scheme of things. All the familiar trimmings of today were to disappear and in their place a new era of commercialised softball was to arise...'"

"What... commercial Softball... do you mean professional players making an appearance at King's Park?" asked Big John in surprise.

"Well no, that isn't quite how the scheme is intended to work," replied Mr Wong who was obviously enjoying the discussion. "The idea is that business houses throughout the Colony would sponsor teams and so bring some badly needed financial backing to the game..."

"Wong," said Big John, "I am ashamed of you and quite honestly I'm surprised that you of all people should show such enthusiasm for an idea that is nothing less than covered up professionalism. You're the one who is always trying to sell me your airy fairy ideas of sport for sport's sake, and here you are sitting on the very seat where you've made so many of your 'other little speeches' shooting as pro-professional as

line as I have heard from anyone in a long time."

It was all too obvious that Big John had touched his companion on a raw spot and it looked as though he had killed John's insurance company would have been on the wrong end of a claim. The truth is that Wong was so annoyed at the situation that he missed his chance to reply before Big John was at it again.

"Surely you can see where such a plan would finish up," said Wong, "the dear old Saints, the Pandas, the Braves and all the other familiar old teams. And what would we get in their place? If all the big concerns took up the idea we might one day have the pleasure of seeing Dodger's slugging it out against the Chinese Club, or the Carlsberg Club in the play-off series with Jardine's Jaguars, and we might even get to a pennant battle between the Post Pirates and the Mall Monarchs..."

John stopped for breath and Mr Wong pitched into the fray with a speed and accuracy that would have brought a cheer of admiration at King's Park. "You are talking a load of tommy rot... spell R-U-B-B-I-S-H... and pronounced UTTER NONSENSE."

"In the last couple of years softball in Hongkong has been sliding and slipping. The standard of play has got steadily worse and worse, and with the same faces always around the crowd in the stand the game needs a good shot in the arm to liven it up... and it needs another one in the pocket to back it up."

"Even amateur sport is expensive to run these days and the truth is that the game here is really impoverished. If some of the more generous business houses are ready to come forward and let and equip teams that will play in their name I think they will be doing a great deal for the benefit of the sport."

"Their general interest will be just the shot in the arm that the game needs, while their material assistance will be the shot in the pocket that is so vital to the welfare of sport and sweat. Let me assure you that another season like the one just finished and softball can hang up the shutters for good and all..."

Mr Wong was so engrossed in his argument that he hardly noticed Big John slip off the stool and make for the door. Almost at the last moment he realised that his companion was doing a runout on him but he just had time to drive home his final point.

Banging the counter with his fist he shouted, "...promise to come along when the new league starts and I'll ask the officials to play with coloured balls... and even coloured bats just to make you feel at home..."

The crash of the main door drowned Big John's reply.

Mr Wong chuckled as he looked at himself in the mirror behind him. He appeared to be satisfied with what he saw. "Boys!" he called, "such a success calls for nothing but the best... bring me a double scotch... and skip the soda..."

—B. E. JANT

## WEEKS AHEAD

What a remarkable cricketer is Everton Weekes. When he is not acting as mainstay for the West Indies in Test Matches he is filling a similar role for Barbados in the Lancashire League. So far this season he still has an average of over one hundred—108 to be exact for ten innings, four times 'not out' and an aggregate of 650. He is also eighth in the bowling order of merit with 52 wickets to his credit at a cost of ten runs apiece.

## POP



## Umpteenager



## STUMPED—BUT NOT OUT...

## THE MOST AMAZING INCIDENT I HAVE EVER SEEN IN CRICKET

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

The excitements of the Test match took publicity the other week from one of the most astonishing incidents I have ever seen in cricket. No, I am not referring to the hat trick of my Notts colleague Allan Walker achieved with the first three balls of the Leicestershire innings—although I had never seen that before either. The even more involved incident occurred when Allan Walker bowled the last ball of his third over.

It drew Maurice Hallam right forward, beat him, and flashed through to the wicketkeeper who was standing back. Seeing that he was out of his ground the wicketkeeper hurled the ball at the stumps, shattered them, and there was Hallam "stumped." The square leg umpire immediately gave him out and Hallam walked off.

But by this time Vic Jackson, the other Leicesters batsman, was talking to the umpire at the bowler's end. In effect Vic was protesting "...but he can't be out because YOU called 'OVER' before that ball hit the wicket and the ball was therefore DEAD."

And that is what eventually held. Hallam, who had taken his pads off by this time, was recalled and Leicestershire skipper Charles Palmer who had come to this wicket had to go back and wait his turn all over again.

Technically there is no doubt about the issue. If the umpire at the bowler's end had called "OVER" the game was dead. And nobody can be put out then. But, ethically, I am still convinced that the batsman was fairly and squarely stumped and that he should have lost his wicket.

## REAL SPIRIT

I suppose the whole issue comes down to a question of how quickly the bowling end umpire calls "OVER." The MCC uses them to keep up the pace of the game by not wasting time. But surely it should not come so quickly as this? In any case I am not sure that the real spirit of the game is served by a technically being allowed to over-rule a perfectly good piece of cricket.

But there we are. This astonishing game of ours is always providing us with new talking points and I think this one is about as remarkable as any I have ever seen.

But then what more remarkable than the Test? The Australians go in without a county win... having been licked by Surrey... and yet they call it a "draw" throughout the days against England. How do you reckon it all up?

I tell you how I reckon it up... and I did this before this Test... I set it all down fairly and squarely to the genius of Keith Miller as bowler and to the known weaknesses in England's batting. The Aussie boys really got down to the business and, with Ken Mackay doing a splendid job, they were infinitely more solid than England.

For a number of years now Keith Miller has wanted to concentrate on his batting. He enjoys batting more than he does bowling. But the real genius of the man has always been in his bowling. Over short spells he has always been more dangerous even than Ray Lindwall. Ask Len Hutton, Cyril Washbrook, or any of the other great players who have had to face up to him.

And when Pat Crawford joined Lindwall and Davidson on the Aussie injured list and he just had to pitch in and bowl. Australia's splendid character is such a genius that he just doesn't bowl fast. Speed is his greatest weapon. When he wants to let rip he is the fastest bowler in the world. But that would be both wearing and boring... just to bowl fast. And one thing Keith can't stand is boredom.

The result is that in whatever game he is playing, whether it is a club match or a Test match, he will boldly mix leg breaks, googlies, off breaks, a peculiar round arm flapper... anything he can think of... with the usual workhorse of "bouncers" and "fast" yorkers. Technically he should never get away with it. But, being Miller, he does.

## STABILITY

So Miller the bowler was one reason for Australia's supremacy.

The other two reasons were concerned with the batting of the two sides. The stubborn opening of McDonald and Burke was here supported by the middle stability of Ken Mackay. The latter came in for a deal of criticism for his slowness, but he did a fine job for Australia.

It has been the lack of stability in the middle of the Australian side which has been the real cause of their downfall in recent seasons. Mackay, the awkward but ever watchful Queenslander, could very easily be the bulwark on which the Aussies could climb back.

As for England's batting... I still say that the best opening batsman in the country is Reg Simpson, my own skipper at Nottingham. And that is not team prejudice. I say that because I have batted with him and can see the form he is in. There is nobody in the country who can play the moving ball so well. Now is it any good bringing up the argument that he has had his chances. I say that the whole set of circumstances have changed since Reg opened for England. He and Hutton were never com-

pathetic in styles of temperament and now that Len has retired I think England would gain by re-trying him.

## PROPER PLACE

I would still play Peter Richardson but would move him to his best and proper place down the order. By doing this England could strengthen both the opening balance and the now wobbly middle of the side.

In the England bowling department I would still prefer Tony Lock... if it is of course to Johnny Wardle. Otherwise I wouldn't alter the England side very much. And I would say the odds will still be dead even when the two teams line up again at Leeds.

## COACHING HINT:

Miller as a bowler is an object lesson to every bowler... if you don't get carried away with his genius and try as much as he does. But he uses the crease all the time. One ball he bowls against the stumps, the next from the extreme edge of the crease, the next mid-way. Always he is trying to vary the angle of the ball to the bat. If the wicket is good he will even go round the wicket and bowl as wide as possible to angle the ball again across the bat. He got Tom Graveney that way in this last Test. It is worth trying some time.

## HIS FILM BIOGRAPHY CLAIMS

## Rocky Graziano Grew Up On Cold Spaghetti, Soda Pop And Some Swift Pick-Ups

The boyhood of former Middleweight Champion Rocky Graziano may prove his point in "Somebody Up There Likes Me."

His childhood dietary mainstays were cold spaghetti, soda pop and whatever fruit and salami he could swipe from grocers on New York's East Side. Graziano also survived violation of the most fundamental rules of physical safety.

Ernest Lehman, screen writer handling the script for MGM's filming of Graziano's autobiography, said he was amazed to learn how much Graziano went through.

"Just the food he ate is enough to startle you," Lehman said. "The idea of a balanced diet probably meant as much to him as the theory of relativity. The stuff he consumed barely supported life—and I'm sure it didn't encourage it."

Graziano, who was considered one of boxing's roughest and toughest champions, had a physical examination when he was 12 and was shown to be suffering from an incorrectly formed chest because of malnutrition.

## ACCIDENTS

And there are other items Lehman discovered. For one thing, Graziano tried to jump from one tenement to another on a dare. A clothesline broke his six-story fall in another episode he ran through a plate glass window and received 57 stitches.

"And I might as well mention that he received a broken leg

when his bike took on a car and a concussion when a truck slipped him against a fire hydrant," Lehman said.

"This last made him totally deaf for several months. However, a playful blow to the ear cleared up this problem."

Lehman's only conclusion is the same one that has been reached by many persons before him—boys are "destructible."

"Personally, I hope lots of mothers see this film," he said. "I really think it will give them hope. They'll say, 'Look what this kid went through, and he's still around.'—United Press."

## Two Batsmen In One

Frank Whitehead of Hollinwood (Lancs) Club is all for brighter cricket—and more entertaining cricket too. Against Delph he batted one boundary with much "shorter" than the other, so he batted right handed one end and left handed the other. It paid dividends for he made top score and also the winning hit.



## JOHN MACADAM'S ASCOT STORY

## HOW MR SHEENAN WON A PACKET

Ascot's two and a half centuries of continued royal patronage constitute it not only Very Big Society. They constitute it Very Big Money indeed.

From that humble £50 Plate, for which the handful of hunting men competed back in 1711, the prize money has been swollen steadily until there will be something like £50,000 or £70,000 for the lucky lads, if you can refer to the aristocracy of racing in such a way.

Of that sum £40,000 is put up by the Ascot Authority. The rest is put up by the owners of the racehorses, which are again by way of being the aristocracy of their kind.

It is not possible to put a precise figure on racecourse attendance, as it is in cricket or soccer, but given good weather it is safe to say that the attendance for this Royal Ascot will be up to 100,000. Of these some 50,000 will be on the stands side, and anything up to another 50,000 across the course on the Heath.

Probably, for a lover of cloths and/or horsehair, the Royal Enclosure at Ascot represents the best bargain in racing anywhere in the world today.

## LUSCIOUS SWARD

The Gent., for his four-day tenure of the luscious sward, pays £10 and, for his lady, £2. All hands pay a straight £2 a day for the Grandstand, and £10 for the Royal Enclosure (no sex allowance), and the Silver Ring costs 10s. a day. Out on the Heath some 30,000-40,000 racegoers pay, and thousands more just walk on.

Ascot then, is a very big money proposition indeed, and all of it is ploughed back into the course by the Ascot Authority who, at content with their new mile, and their enlarged Enclosures, are already talking blithely about lifts and escalators and who-knows-what besides.

## OWN RESERVOIR

Incidentally, one unlikely commodity in which some of this revenue is invested is water. With their private reservoir out on the Heath now connected by pipeline and pump house with the lake at Sunninghill Park nearby they fear no drought.

It was towards the end of the recent long dry spell when I called, but the Authority's sprinklers were feeding the lawns.

A lawn and splendid sight, maybe as green and pleasant as the lovely colour of the money that will change hands when this wealthiest, richest of racing crowds starts betting.

The social atmosphere being what it is and a large proportion of the crowd being there for that pre-eminently, the emphasis at Ascot is on the horses rather than the bookmakers.

Women who know a lot about hats and frocks very often know precious little about betting and the happy jargon of the bookmakers who incline with their off-hand know-how to scare them out of their wits. Furthermore, with good prices ruling generally for very open races, the professional backers don't want to know much about it.

The bookmakers were caught with some heavy bets in 1939 when there was a general feeling of Indian game-up and the same applied in the immediate post-war years when the race was seen with the eye of a horseman.

But Royal Ascot is hardly the place for the spectator being a Gent. and, if it is, why nobody wants to look too much about it. That, maybe, is the badge of the place.

If a Gent. has a bet on about 10 or 12 of the horses of one of his friends, then the even money Gent. bookmakers are the last people to talk about such a thing.

Maybe the biggest post-war win against the book was in 1946 when Charlie Smurke got The Bug safely home in one Workingman Stakes. The horse

was unfavourably drawn but, despite that unfortunate fact, owner Mr Wachman went exactly around the Ring getting nearly and more money on according to the suitability of the price.

He made a spectacular kill. But apart from these two years—1939 and 1946—the individual bet has tended to go down at Ascot from £10 to 10s. Nevertheless, the bookies, which commensurate the ladies, does a tremendous turnover in the course of the four days of the royal meeting.

In 1939 the Tote took nearly £105,000, which was a big jump from the £84,000-odd of 1936 and £97,000-odd of the following year.

Last year was a bad year, so far as Tote-taking trends went, for the whole meeting was postponed a month because of, first, the rail and then the newspaper hold-ups.

But the year 1954 gives some indication of the weight of money that was steadily being put up to be bet on the Royal Ascot horses.

The amount bet on the Tote during the four days of the meeting was £1,325,197, and this year it looks like topping even that.

After all, to the winning owner the Gold Cup is worth £11,775, and the Royal Hunt Cup £3,274. All the Ascot prizes are worth going all out for, and everybody knows this and bets freely accordingly.

## IT CAME OFF!

But at all the money talk, I like about Ascot. I like best the story of a Mr Sheenan of Wood Green, London, who set off to have a royal day's racing with £20 in his pocket. Mr S betted 5s on the Tote treble and had a single bet on each race.

It went through the card to win £200 and with the treble collected £4,307 17s. You see it isn't only the captains and the kings—even at Royal Ascot.

Another endearing picture I have is of the late Lord Howard de Walden as his Zinfandel won the Gold Cup. His lordship was sitting out behind the stand working on the score of an opera.

And if you want a final picture... there were hard-bitten racing men and women with nostalgic tears streaming down their faces as dear old Brown Jack won his last race and passed on to Steve Donoghue for ever.

Next Article: The Parade of Fashion

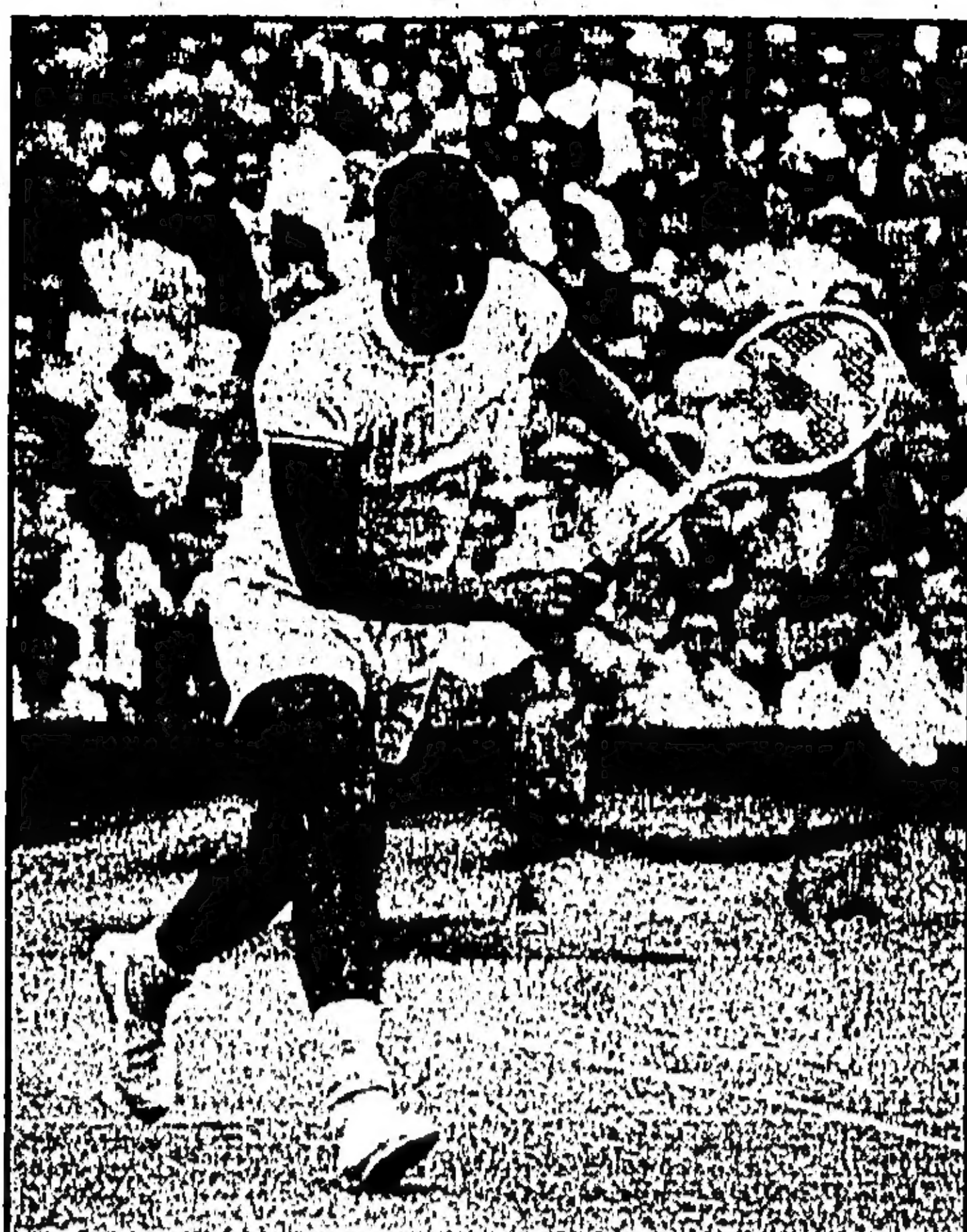
## Remarkable Feat

Six wickets without conceding a run! That is the remarkable feat achieved by a Turves Green Intermediate Schoolboy in the King's Norton (Birmingham) Schools League. And his name is Gerald Faulless. Faultless, indeed. His colleague, George Tongue, took the other four wickets for two runs and the opposition, Sturcheley, were all out for a total of three!

Indeed, his colleague, George Tongue, took the other four wickets for two runs and the opposition, Sturcheley, were all out for a total of three!

Twice during the season, the fans started riots in Naples stadium and the police had to use revolvers and tear-gas to clear the stands. Italian First Division players paid a total of 2,044,000 Lire (£1,175 sterling) for being rough on the field or shouting at the referee. The other 7,500,000 Lire were paid by Second and Third Division Clubs and players, whose fines are smaller than those of their big brothers in the First Division.—China Mail Special.

## INDIA'S SURPRISE PACKET



R. Krishnan of India shows the concentration which helped him beat former champion Jaroslav Drobny and spring the biggest surprise on the opening day of the Wimbledon Tennis Championships. Krishnan, playing in the first round of the Men's Singles on the Centre Court, beat Drobny 6-1, 4-6, 6-1, 6-4.—Reuterphoto.

## Ryder Cup Golf School

Christy O'Connor } The Long Irons  
is the teacher } is the subject



## My success secret...

By CHRISTY O'CONNOR

WHEN Dai Rees, our Ryder Cup captain, first spoke to me about this series, he said: "You tell them about the long irons, Christy. You are one of the masters of that part of the game."

Well, I suppose I do get good results with those long iron shots up to the flag that are so valuable on a big course. It set me thinking back to how I obtained command of those shots.

There is not much of a secret to it. To become a good iron player, my advice is to start on the lower clubs—say a No. 8 or 7 iron—and work up to the higher ones.

Anyway, that is how I have developed my iron play. Practice first with the short irons gave me my timing, which is all-important.

## Grip-stance

Now for a few hints to brush up your No. 3 iron shot.

First make sure of a good firm grip. Use the conventional overlapping grip. This gives control of the club without being tensed.

See that your stance is neither too wide nor too narrow. Too wide will cause a tendency to sway. Too narrow will mean either sliding of the hips or falling on the ball.

My stance is approximately the

width of my shoulders. This gives me a satisfactory hip movement. Start the club back with the arms and wrists and an easy hip movement. It is fatal to be over-anxious at the start of the backswing.

Simply back means a better backswing movement. It also helps to keep the head steady. Watch is most important. Thirdly, it puts the body in a better position at the top of the swing and you get better striking power. Swing from the top of the backswing away from the ball and not a pulling movement of the club. The arms are swung into the right position, preventing hitting too soon and turning the shoulders too early.

Turning the shoulders too soon can cause three faults—coming across the ball and so on; reducing the pivot; turning the head.

Notice in the pictures of my swing that I get well over on my left side. This is ensured by the pulling movement with the arms from the top of the swing. The result is that it makes me hit correctly down and through the ball.

NEVER try to complete a full follow through. ALWAYS keep the head steady until the ball has gone well on its way.

## MY NERVES WENT TO PIECES ON CENTRE COURT

## Beaten Drobny: I May Quit Wimbledon

By JOHN ELLISON

Jaroslav Drobny, non-hearted Tennis Singles Champion of 1954, said after his surprise defeat at Wimbledon the other day by 19-year-old Indian student, Ramanathan Krishnan, "I may never play at Wimbledon again."

"The Old Fox," now 34, was outmatched and outpointed, 6-1, 4-6, 6-1, 6-1, in a first-round tie.

From the Centre Court, a harassed "Drob" slipped away to watch an away-from-the-crowds game on Court 14.

He told me: "I do not feel I can enter for Wimbledon next year. I do not want to go through an experience like this again."

"If only I could play my first round here," he indicated John Palm and A. T. Mills playing before 20 spectators on the outer court—"I should be happy. I love Wimbledon."

"I am making no excuses. I simply played badly. But to play the first match on that Centre Court with thousands of people watching you and all of them saying, 'Here is old Drob, he's sure to win,' and everybody expecting you to be a finalist... oh, mentally, that is too much for me."

"That was my trouble on that day. My nerves went in pieces. Not once could I let myself go and make a return as my shot."

"Physically I am fine—I could play that match again. But mentally I think I do not want to go through all this next year. It is too soon to make a definite decision, but it means being seeded and starting on the

Centre Court I shall not play at Wimbledon next summer."

Drobny's wife, Rita, who watched his defeat, said: "It makes me mad when people say he's too old. Physically he has never been in better shape. His trouble is mental—and it is agony for me to watch him go down like that."

Krishnan, a student from Madras, said: "When I went on the court I knew Drobny was the better player. But I was determined and he didn't play well. But he is a great sport."

## UMPIRE SCENE

Kurt Nielsen, 26-year-old Danish engineering student and twice a Wimbledon finalist—once last year—strove off No. 2 Court a beaten and very angry man.

His moustache bristled with indignation, after losing against Luis Ayala 5-7, 6-4, 6-4, 5-7, 6-4.

Later, with umpire Mr Peter Hume, of Brighton, Kurt saw the referee, Colonel John Legg. The three talked for 15 minutes. Nielsen was shown the rules of tennis. Then he called a Press conference.

He said: "I shall not lodge an official objection. I don't like going things that way."

## KEPT HIS TEMPER

"I was afraid of losing my temper but I kept it with diffi-

culty, and that affected my play."

He made these objections: 1. "Six times we changed balls. On four occasions we changed at the wrong time."

2. "In the second set I was about to serve a second ball a lady in the stands shouted."

3. "I was wrongly foot-faulted in the fifth set when I served an ace."

4. "In the last set we ran out of balls. It was the last straw."

## HEARD NO YELL

Nielsen said: "There were other examples of bad linesmanship. Ayala scored off a serve that was so far out that I could not believe my ears."

Mr Bramley said later: "I have umpired 200 matches in about a year and have been umpiring at Wimbledon for ten years on and off. I have never had a decision queried in this way."

"I certainly did not hear any yell from anyone in the crowd. I thought Nielsen's foot slipped."

"He was right about the balls. At the time I thought he was wrong, but I discovered later that we did not change at the right time."

## Rowdy Fans And Rough Play Cost Italian Soccer Clubs Huge Fines

Rome.

The ardour of Italian soccer fans and the roughness of play on the field cost Italian football clubs and professional players 15,000,000 Lire (£8,625 sterling) in fines in the 1955-56 season, which has just ended.

First Division clubs had to pay fines totalling 5,320,000 Lire (£2,959 sterling). 1,000,000 Lire (£575 sterling) more than in the 1954-55 season—because their fans were too rowdy.

Under Italian Football League rules, if the fans yell the players, or try to lynch the referee, the home team is heavily fined. These fines were increased last

season that was the reason for the extra million paid by clubs. The Italian Football showed no appreciable change from previous seasons.

## INDISCIPLINE

Napoli Football Club paid the heaviest fines (a total of 500,000 Lire - £290 sterling) and its ground was banned for a month (four games) because of the actions of its fans.

Twice during the season, the fans started riots in Naples stadium and the police had to use revolvers and tear-gas to clear the stands.

Italian First Division players paid a total of 2,044,000 Lire (£1,175 sterling) for being rough on the field or shouting at the referee. The other 7,500,000 Lire were paid by Second and Third Division Clubs and players, whose fines are smaller than those of their big brothers in the First Division.—China Mail Special.

## NAUGHTY BOY

The very first ball of the Denton (Lancs) innings against Swinton, who had previously made 100, was a cracking drive that was a boundary all the way until a small boy spectator stepped in. In his rights, the umpire allowed only the three that had been run. Did not seem very important until Denton failed by just that one run to get level.

## THE GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby



So Tender and Tasty

FRANCIS MILLER'S GREAT NORTHERN FANCY RED SOCKEYE SALMON STEAK

Sole Agents: SWIRE & MACLACHLAN LTD.

BURROUGHS BEEFEATER LONDON DRY GIN

SOLE AGENTS: SWIRE & MACLACHLAN LTD.

So the glorious days of Horsham are over, and so is the sight of Alfred going out with the roller to tend that delicate strip of grass in the middle. Alfred is sad, although he says cricket is not what it was. "Why, in the old days," he continued, "the teams used to stick together in the evenings and that made for team spirit. And there were the dances and the bunting and the carnivals and fairs. These days are gone. The players are off the field and gone separate ways before you can look round. And Maurice Tate, Harold Larwood and Bill Voce were no worse for bowling on a patch of beer or two. Gave them more stamina than the present-day lime juice and milk shakes."

I told you "Joker" called a spade a spade. He thinks the closure at Horsham will knock a lot of the enthusiasm for the County game out of the towns and villages of Sussex north of the South Downs. "Why," he adds, "do you know that Horsham and district has supplied more players to Sussex than any other area? Think of the Lucases, Coates, Oakes, Stiles, Dr. Haygate, A. Killick, Roy. D. S. Sheppard, Pearce, Col. Watson, H. P. Chaplin, C.L.A. Smith, Etheridge, H. G. Hunt, D. A. Dow and D. Weekes. They all came from here."

## BRITISH and Best



ALLSOPP'S BRITISH LAGER BEER

Sole Agents: CALOBECK, MACAREBOR & CO. LTD.







# PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT  
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

**MEN OF WEALTH** The Republican Party—or so the story goes—is the party of business, big business and little business. The Democratic Party, on the other hand, claims (like the Communist party) that it is the party of the farmers and the industrial workers. By and large, the labels are right.

But, at election time, each party wants to be everybody's party. So the Republican High Command has been doing some homework to prove that the Democrats are not, entirely, the party of the poor and downtrodden.

No less than six Democratic Senators, it discovered, are millionaires.

And, whether they are all the way to being millionaires or not, presidential aspirants Adlai Stevenson and Averell Harriman are both "men of wealth."

## INFLUENTIAL PERSON

In the city of Syracuse, there is a grocer who exerts as much influence over American TV and radio programmes as any big time director in Radio City. Maybe more.

This grocer—who is no great power in Syracuse—is a regular listener to programmes. He also collects obscure facts about the lives of performers, such as the names they once gave money to and the kind of public meetings they attended in 1933 and what sort of things they said about General France during the Spanish Civil War.

When he spots somebody who once said something that wouldn't, for instance, ever have been said by the late Senator Robert Taft or who once went to a meeting which, Silent Cal Calhoun would have passed over, he makes a note.

Then he writes to the programme's sponsor. He suggests that he might ask his customers if they really wanted to buy soap from a man who paid out good money to put subversive people on the air.

The soap company, of course, gets worried. And somebody doesn't appear on its programme next week.

Simple.

You read about this grocer in a report compiled by the Ford Foundation's "Fund for the Republic" on what is called "blacklisting" in American radio and TV.

The report was edited by a highly non-subversive gentleman called John Cogley who, as it happens, is a Roman Catholic and the former editor of "The Commonwealth"—the equally highly non-subversive intellectual voice of America's Catholics.

The report reveals that the grocer is not alone. In addition, there are several even more powerful gentlemen who make handsome livings selling lists of "subversive" performers to the TV and radio networks.

To put it mildly, there is a reign of terror in American broadcasting. Mr Cogley and the Fund for the Republic hope the facts they have unearthed will help to bring it to an end.

If Senator McCarthy doesn't catch Mr Cogley first, I think they will.

## FOOD, Since Americans were

recently advised that British shops were able to speak English, Britain's Travel and Holidays Association has moved further afield. In an effort to make the tourists forget the joys of home it has offered something called the "Came to Britain Trophy" for the best attempt to provide some new service.

Thinking hard, a competing restaurant has decided to serve what it calls "old English food" in period surroundings. Its waitresses, it says, will wear "costumes" and the food will be accompanied by candles and period music.

Alas, no information is forthcoming about the nature of the

"old English food." Rumour has it that "old English food" is just food served in candlelight. An insider at the British Travel and Holidays Association assures us, however, that there is already a rush of business in the place—presumably led by those who hope to get there before the waitresses take to wearing costumes.

## BOOKS AND BABEL

The President of the Publishers' Association of Great Britain, Mr R.E. Barker, has been slumping the globe for UNESCO—trying to find out what makes the world's book trade tick. He discovered that five thousand million books are printed every year—one for every two people in the world.

Of course, as one might suspect, it doesn't turn out that everybody in the world gets two books a year—or even gets to see two books a year.

Seventy-five percent of the world's books are published in 10 countries (with Russia, Japan, India and Britain at the top of the list) and 90 percent of the world's books are published in less than 30 of the nearly 3,000 written languages in use.

As it is, the book business barely makes its way most places. Printing in more languages or even more places would only make the problem worse.

Nationalists agitating for national languages might do well to take note. Even English which spreads over a very large part of the globe is not printed in enough copies to permit the publication of all the books that need to be published.

## BURIED TREASURE

Harassed officials of the Singapore government are nagging with a Chinese woman who claims she is the only person in the colony who knows where the Japanese buried £250,000 worth of gold and gems before they surrendered in 1945.

The find, grey-haired woman claims, holds the value of the treasure to be where it is buried. But the government is not prepared to give her that much.

The treasure is said to include old bars, diamonds and expensive oriental jewellery looted by the Japanese from Malaya's wealthy homes during the occupation.

According to the woman, it is buried in two underground pillars of a building somewhere in Singapore.

The story-teller at the Curran Assembly the other day said the conductor paused, then asked: "Do they use a hard ball?"

## WEDDING GIFT

Monaco's eighteen-year-old Prince Rainier, who is married to a Paris jeweller, ordered a £39,000 necklace from a Paris jeweller. He paid a £12,000 deposit.

Prince Rainier did not like it. So the Monaco parliament sent it back, and bought a new one from another Paris jeweller for £35,000.

The Prince liked that one.

Now the Monaco parliament wants its deposit back from the first jeweller. But he refuses to pay and threatens to take court action.

## MID-CENTURY SOPHISTICATION

George Newnes, one of the British's biggest magazine publishers, has announced a new women's magazine—one, it says, that will cater for the rapidly growing group of British women who, in its phrase, are "sophisticated."

It will be called "Mirabelle"—and it will consist almost entirely of pictures. Its stories will be told, comic-book style, with cartoons.

It is not, of course, any longer sophisticated to be able to read.

## PRACTICAL JOKE

A 38-year-old seamstress, paralysed for 10 years, is up and about again as the result of a practical joke. Her friends said, after a call, found her asleep and left a large wreath at the foot of her bed, with an inscription saying: "Your colleagues will never forget you."

When the woman awoke and saw the wreath she paled, according to an eyewitness, jumped out of bed and ran into the streets crying: "I have died!"

Doctors have pronounced her completely cured.

## NEW SPORT

Doug Miller and Jack Bell are going for a 20-mile underwater "dolphin ride" in aquanauts and lifejackets, they will travel eight feet beneath the surface of Lake Ontario aboard a nine-foot submarine sled, towed by a motorboat.

They designed and built the craft.

Says Miller: "We want to arouse interest in a new sport to explore the underwater world, test the sled and have fun."

## LORDS CLASH

Should one say "a hotel" or "an hotel"? This problem split the House of Lords. One Old Etonian Lord, Mr. Mervyn, argued for "an". Another Old Etonian, Lord Farquhar, was so strong in "a" that he moved five amendments to a Bill about hotel proprietors.

Lord Farquhar, piloting the Bill, "Lord Farquhar is delighted."

The clash almost came to a head. But at the last moment Lord Mervyn gave way.

## SEVERE DANGER

East German customs officials have confiscated a shirt which a West German father, Otto Zimmermann, of Duisburg, was sending to his 14-year-old son. When the father complained, he was told that the design on the front of the shirt, showing a cowboy throwing a lasso, was a severe danger to the upbringing of East German youth.

## WAS IT CRICKET?

The conductor on the bus to Lord's Cricket Ground had not heard of any important game that day.

The passenger, a clergyman, explained that the clergy of London were playing the clergy of Southwark.

The story-teller at the Curran Assembly the other day said the conductor paused, then asked: "Do they use a hard ball?"

## CROSSWORD

Across:  
1. Anything that is no accident. (11)  
2. Potato. (5)  
3. They come from the start of a lamp. (10)  
4. A man who is a tramp. (10)  
5. Dart as an expletive. (4)  
6. Country where an animal is found. (10)  
7. A man who is a tramp. (10)  
8. Bad girl was. (6)  
9. To the river's mouth. (10)  
10. He was down to his job. (10)

Down:  
1. Yankee found old enemy here. (2, 3, 5)  
2. He was up in smoke. (10)  
3. Often afraid, this path. (10)  
4. I'm a treaty apparently. (10)  
5. Took 40 weeks. (10)  
6. Keeps a pony's head down. (10)  
7. Drill us, a girl in an anagram. (10)  
8. This food is no feather. (10)  
9. This food is no feather. (10)  
10. This food is no feather. (10)

Answers:  
1. Anything that is no accident. (11)  
2. Potato. (5)  
3. They come from the start of a lamp. (10)  
4. A man who is a tramp. (10)  
5. Dart as an expletive. (4)  
6. Country where an animal is found. (10)  
7. A man who is a tramp. (10)  
8. Bad girl was. (6)  
9. To the river's mouth. (10)  
10. He was down to his job. (10)

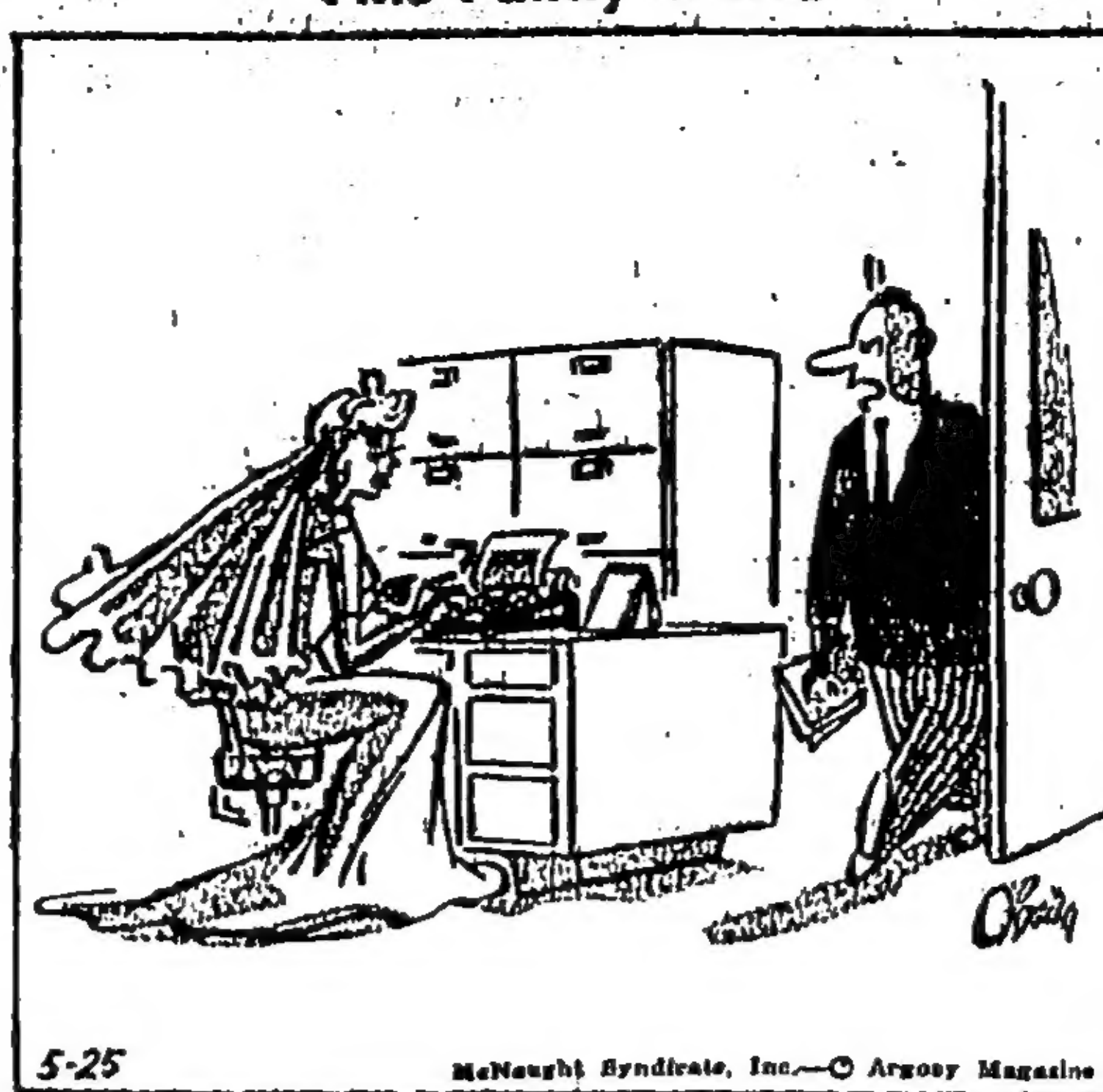
## CHESS PROBLEM

By C. F. KING-FARLOW

Black, 1. piece

White, 5. pieces.  
Solution to yesterday's problem:  
1. Kt—K3, any; 2. R, B, or Kt mate.

## This Funny World



Now what's this nonsense about your taking the afternoon off?

## YOUR BIRTHDAY

By STELLA

SATURDAY, JULY 7

BORN today, you are one of those cautious, "look-before-you-leap" types. You have a good head for business and are not likely to neglect the important details which should have your most careful consideration. You are never one to let someone get ahead of you when it comes to a good bargain. Yet, you have artistic tastes and will be happiest if in some way you are connected with the arts and the professions. You enjoy being surrounded by elegance and your home will be beautifully decorated and furnished.

Although you have a great deal of nervous energy, your physical stamina is not what it should be. You need to be careful that you have the proper rest, and get a lot of fresh air. Avoid a heavy diet, for eating simple food is one of the easiest methods to keep in good physical trim. You are also inclined to worry too much over details. If you can't do something constructive about a problem, put it out of your mind. Forget it! Worrying about what you can't do is the worst possible policy.

You women are affectionate, sympathetic and make fine teachers and nurses as well as splendid homemakers and understanding parents. You may not wed at an early age, though, for you are highly idealistic about your mate and may take quite a long time making up your mind which admirer you finally should accept.

Among those born on this date are: Lion Feuchtwanger, Mrs. Sarah P. Barton and Miriam C. Harris, authors; William E. Mason, philanthropist; Thomas Hooker, founder of Hartford, Conn.; Samuel D. Burr, educator; Bishop Davis Sessions, noted churchman; and George Cuker, film director.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

## SUNDAY, JULY 8

**CANCER** (June 23-July 23)—Follow your usual, quiet Sunday programme. But if you can, get out into the open for some fresh air and sunshine.

**LEO** (July 24-Aug. 23)—Follow some constructive health programme and rebuild your energies for the days ahead when activities are heightened.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Don't attempt to do anything that isn't "just for fun." Relax, and make it a point to enjoy yourself.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Join your friends in some pleasant recreation. Perhaps an outdoor picnic would just fit your mood.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—The next four weeks should be bringing you special advantages. Make sure to seize opportunities.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—There is romance for you, if you are seeking it. It could be someone you may never have thought of in that light, too.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—If you can keep things out in the open—lay your future plans right out on the table. Then all goes very well.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—If you work things right, the next four weeks should bring you something for which you have long aspired.

**PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—Your plans should now go forward without delay. Since you know what you want, go out after it at once.

**ARIES** (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—Business deals, especially those having to do with real estate matters, are well-favoured for you now.

**TAURUS** (Apr. 21-May 21)—If you are planning a trip, then this can be a good day for you to start out. If driving, get going early.

**GEMINI** (May 22-June 22)—This can be an inspirational day. A good sermon this morning might set just the right mood for you.

BORN today, you are one of those who have an instinct for business. You know how and where to make money as well as how to handle people. You have the ideas and are enough of an executive to get others to do the bothersome detail work. You have a keen appreciation for the creative arts as well and will want to keep in touch with art, music and literature. You will be eager to use your acquired wealth to help those whom you believe have that real spark of creative genius.

You will enjoy travelling, especially by water, and may collect art objects as you journey around the world. It is likely that in your youth you will be fond of outdoor sports and will continue your interests as a spectator of competitive games as you grow older. You women, more interested in social events, are fond of fine clothes and jewels. You have a definite sense of style and might become a leader of fashion in your own set.

While emotional, you manage to keep yourself under strict control. In fact, it might be that the one you love the most will have quite a time discovering it! Yet, once you have declared yourself, you are demonstrative and loving at home and will make a devoted marriage partner and parent. Your marriage should be happy and successful.

Among those born on this date are: Percy Grainger, composer and pianist; John D. Rockefeller, financier; P. Bryant Baker, sculptor; William Vaughn Moody, educator and poet; Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin, lighter-than-air pioneer; George Antheil, composer; and John H. Bankhead, statesman.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

## MONDAY, JULY 9

**CANCER** (June 23-July 23)—Prospects for real profit are likely today if you handle your business interests in the best possible fashion.

**LEO** (July 24-Aug. 23)—Take the lead in handling your affairs. You are the only one who can know best what should be done first.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—You can be a little reckless today if you will take the helm and direct matters in the way in which they should go.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—This is an active day. Expect results and work hard for them. You will find that everything works out well.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Personal affairs should reach a new high in importance. You probably can effect an important change.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—You probably could make a good thing out of a new venture if you introduced it today. Try it, anyway!

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Partnership affairs, especially as they involve business matters, are well-aspected at this time.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Combine business and social affairs to the beneficial advantage of both. Make rapid advances toward your goal.

**PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—If your career or job indicates special attention—particularly if you are planning a change—do it today.

**ARIES** (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—You can be quite adventurous in reaching out for something and the chances are excellent that you will achieve it.

## JACOBY ON BRIDGE

East Fails To Unblock

By OSWALD JACOBY

EAST made only a small mistake in today's hand, but it was enough. South happened to be Wingate Bixby, president of the famous Regency Club, and one slip was all that "Bix" needed to make his contract.

West opened the king of hearts, and East played the discouraging deuce. West shifted to the deuce of clubs, and East was allowed to hold the trick with the queen.

East now returned his low club. He should have returned the king of clubs. East thought it wouldn't

make such difference, but he soon found out how wrong he was.

Bixby won the second club with the ace, led a trump to the jack, and ruffed a heart. He led another trump to the queen, and ruffed dummy's last heart. Finally he led a low club.

East had to win this trick with the king of clubs. If East then returned a heart, South would get rid of a diamond while dummy ruffed; and if East, instead, returned a diamond, declarer would win a trick with dummy's queen.

Had East returned the king of clubs, it had the third trick. West would have been able to win the third round of clubs later with the jack. West could then safely return a diamond, and South would have to lose a diamond trick.

So, East returned the king of clubs, and the third trick.

West would have been able to win the third round of clubs later with the jack. West could then safely return a diamond, and South would have to lose a diamond trick.

So, East returned the king of clubs, and the third trick.

West would have been able to win the third round of clubs later with the jack. West could then safely return a diamond, and South would have to lose a diamond trick.

So, East returned the king of clubs, and the third trick.

West would have been able to win the third round of clubs later with the jack. West could then safely return a diamond, and South would have to lose a diamond trick.

So, East returned the king of clubs, and the third trick.

West would have been able to win the third round of clubs later with the jack. West could then safely return a diamond, and South would have to lose a diamond trick.

So, East returned the king of clubs, and the third trick.

West would have been able to win the third round of clubs later with the jack. West could then safely return a diamond, and South would have to lose a diamond trick.

So, East returned the king of clubs, and the third trick.

West would have been able to win the third round of clubs later with the jack. West could then safely return a diamond, and South would have to lose a diamond trick.

So, East returned the king of clubs, and the third trick.

West would have been able to win the third round of clubs later with the jack. West could then safely return a diamond, and South would have to lose a diamond trick.

So, East returned the king of clubs, and the third trick.

West would have been able to win the third round of clubs later with the jack. West could then safely return a diamond, and South would have to lose a diamond trick.

So, East returned the king of clubs, and the third trick.

West would have been able to win the third round of clubs later with the jack. West could then safely return a diamond, and South would have to lose a diamond trick.

So, East returned the king of clubs, and the third trick.

West would have been able to win the third round of clubs later with the jack. West could then safely return a diamond, and South would have to lose a diamond trick.

So, East returned the king of clubs, and the third trick.

West would have been able to win the third round of clubs later with the jack. West could then safely return a diamond, and South would have to lose a diamond trick.

So, East returned the king of clubs, and the third trick.

West would have been able to win the third round of clubs later with the jack. West could then safely return a diamond, and South would have to lose a diamond trick.

So, East returned the king of clubs, and the third trick.

West would have been able to win the third round of clubs later with the jack. West could then safely return a diamond, and South would have to lose a diamond trick.

So, East returned the king of clubs, and the third trick.

West would have been able to win the third round of clubs later with the jack. West could then safely return a diamond, and South would have to lose a diamond trick.

So, East returned the king of clubs, and the third trick.

West would have been able to win the third round of clubs later with the jack. West could then safely return a diamond, and South would have to lose a diamond trick.

So, East returned the king of clubs, and the third trick.

West would have been able to win the third round of clubs later with the jack. West could then safely return a diamond, and South would have to lose a diamond trick.

So, East returned the king of clubs, and the third trick.

West would have been able to win the third round of clubs later with the jack. West could then safely return a diamond, and South would have to lose a diamond trick.

So, East returned the king of clubs, and the third trick.

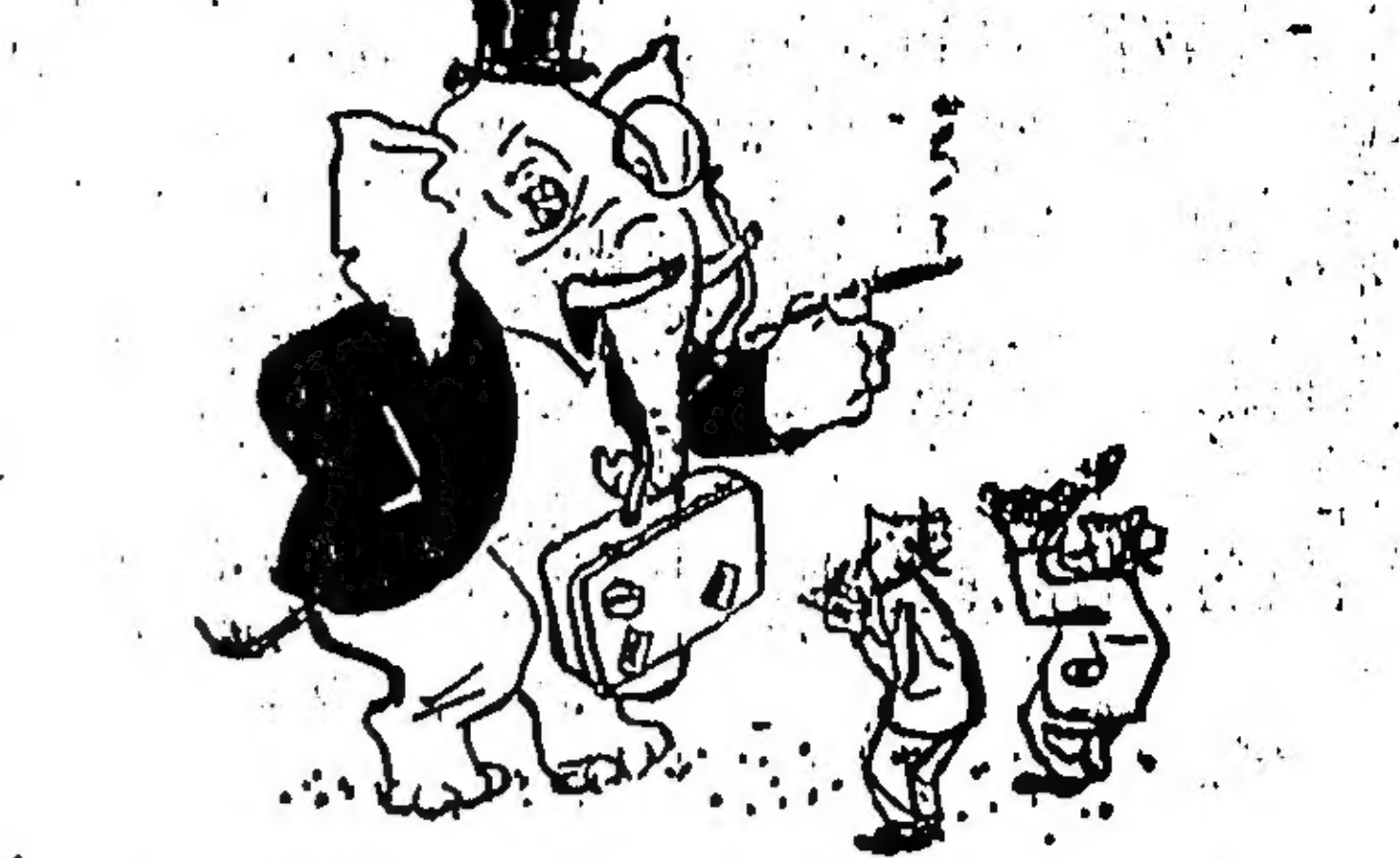
West would have been able to win the third round of clubs later with the jack. West could then safely return a diamond, and South would have to lose a diamond trick.

So, East returned the king of clubs, and the third trick.

West would have been able to win the third round of clubs later with the jack. West could then safely return a diamond, and South would have to lose a diamond trick.

So, East returned the king of clubs, and the third trick.

West would have been able to win the third round of clubs later with the jack. West could then safely return a diamond, and South would have to lose a diamond trick.



Naturally, I'm going by PAA CLIPPER CARGO

Nothing's too big to ship by Clipper Cargo. And PAA speeds your shipments anywhere in the world—to Europe, the U.S.A., Central and South America—all 6 continents.

Fast, frequent schedules insure speedy delivery.

Fast customs clearance.

Call your Cargo Agent or Pan American. Alexandra House, Phone 37031, Hong Kong. Peninsula Hotel, Phone 64078, Kowloon.

\*Trade-Mark, Pan American World Airways, Inc.

## PAN AMERICAN

CLIPPER CARGO

WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

Pan American World Airways, Inc., Incorporated in the State of New York, U.S.A., with United Liability

Time to be going... KLM

KLM patrons, determined to go by their favorite airline, book weeks ahead. Others, equally determined, ring up dangerously late.

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW!

See your travel agent or Philippine Airlines, General Sales Agents for KLM, Peninsula Hotel, Kowloon, Chater Road, Hong Kong.

KLM

ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

LET JAL'S PERSONALISED SERVICE ATTEND TO YOUR EVERY NEED ON YOUR VACATION IN JAPAN

CAYTON HOUSE, DUDDELL STREET, HONG KONG, TEL. 3344

PENINSULA HOTEL, KOWLOON, TEL. 6408 6409

THE "POST" TYPHOON MAP



## Run-Getting Spree At Taunton

Taunton, July 6.  
Set to make 302 runs to win just under three hours, Somerset failed by 68 runs in a bold attempt to beat the Australian cricketers here today.

The match was drawn with five Somerset wickets still standing.

Final scores were:  
Australians 340 for five declared and 236 for one declared.  
Somerset 275 and 234 for five.

Balmain on both sides provided grand entertainment in run-getting spree. In five hours 20 minutes play today 449 runs were scored while only five wickets fell.

### FIFTH AUSSIE

Before lunch the Australians, with Jim Burke and Ian Craig each hitting centuries in an unbroken stand of 232, added 215 in 180 minutes before declaring.

Then another Australian, Colin McCool, playing for the county, hit a dazzling 110 in 95 minutes (four sixes and 14 fours) in the victory bid.

Burke, who followed his first innings of 138 with 125 not out today because the fifth Australian to score two separate hundreds in a match in England. This feat was last accomplished in England in 1930 by Alan Kippax. Burke hit one six and 18 fours.

Craig scored his first century in England, 100 not out, hitting 18 fours.

Burke cast aside his stubborn mood of Wednesday when he spent five hours; 21 minutes over 138. Today he raced to 100 in two and a half hours, never offering a chance. His driving was exceptionally clean and powerful.

Craig showed he has settled down to English conditions. The gifted 21-year-old batsman produced a flow of beautiful strokes. His second wicket stand with Burke yielded 230 in three hours.

### BOWLING PULVERISED

McCool followed his 80 of Thursday by pulverising the slow bowling of Johnson and Wilson, who took 28 off two consecutive overs from Johnson, who altogether conceded 42 runs in three overs.

After being badly missed when 58, McCool completed his hundred in 93 minutes. Hitting three sixes and 12 fours. He claimed 118 out of 167 before being stumped. —Reuter.

## BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

CROSSWORD:



TRIANGLE:

A  
SD  
TOO  
HAT  
ADORE

DE-TAIL. WORDS: Caret, care, cat, ca.

WACKY COMPASS: If you want a thing done, do it yourself.

FINISH THEM: Black as COAL; Dry as a DUNE; Brave as a LION; Good as GOLD; Busy as a BEE; Neat as a PIN.

DO YOU KNOW BIRDS?

1. Bluebird.  
2. Brown Thrasher.  
3. Cardinal.  
4. Robin.  
5. Humming Bird.  
6. Wren.  
7. Flicker.  
8. Chickadee.  
9. Oriole.  
10. Purple Martin.

## DARTWORDS SOLUTION

SEVENTH Heaven. Leaven. Leave. French Window. Widow. Grass. Snake. Serpent. Reports. Repeat. Recent. Cider. North. Never. Lower. Purchase. Buy. Guy. Rope. Rose. Dog. Watch. For. Cheat. Teach. Peach. Meats. Blame. Flame. Olympic. Adams. Blame. Faint. Faint. Master. Task. Mask. Iron. Duke. Luke. Warm. Wasp. Wasp. Trip. Part. Parcel. Post. PILLARI.

Solutions to Over 2,000,000. 1. Serpents. 2. A. 3. A. 4. A. 5. A. 6. A. 7. A. 8. A. 9. A. 10. A. 11. A. 12. A. 13. A. 14. A. 15. A. 16. A. 17. A. 18. A. 19. A. 20. A. 21. A. 22. A. 23. A. 24. A. 25. A. 26. A. 27. A. 28. A. 29. A. 30. A. 31. A. 32. A. 33. A. 34. A. 35. A. 36. A. 37. A. 38. A. 39. A. 40. A. 41. A. 42. A. 43. A. 44. A. 45. A. 46. A. 47. A. 48. A. 49. A. 50. A. 51. A. 52. A. 53. A. 54. A. 55. A. 56. A. 57. A. 58. A. 59. A. 60. A. 61. A. 62. A. 63. A. 64. A. 65. A. 66. A. 67. A. 68. A. 69. A. 70. A. 71. A. 72. A. 73. A. 74. A. 75. A. 76. A. 77. A. 78. A. 79. A. 80. A. 81. A. 82. A. 83. A. 84. A. 85. A. 86. A. 87. A. 88. A. 89. A. 90. A. 91. A. 92. A. 93. A. 94. A. 95. A. 96. A. 97. A. 98. A. 99. A. 100. A. 101. A. 102. A. 103. A. 104. A. 105. A. 106. A. 107. A. 108. A. 109. A. 110. A. 111. A. 112. A. 113. A. 114. A. 115. A. 116. A. 117. A. 118. A. 119. A. 120. A. 121. A. 122. A. 123. A. 124. A. 125. A. 126. A. 127. A. 128. A. 129. A. 130. A. 131. A. 132. A. 133. A. 134. A. 135. A. 136. A. 137. A. 138. A. 139. A. 140. A. 141. A. 142. A. 143. A. 144. A. 145. A. 146. A. 147. A. 148. A. 149. A. 150. A. 151. A. 152. A. 153. A. 154. A. 155. A. 156. A. 157. A. 158. A. 159. A. 160. A. 161. A. 162. A. 163. A. 164. A. 165. A. 166. A. 167. A. 168. A. 169. A. 170. A. 171. A. 172. A. 173. A. 174. A. 175. A. 176. A. 177. A. 178. A. 179. A. 180. A. 181. A. 182. A. 183. A. 184. A. 185. A. 186. A. 187. A. 188. A. 189. A. 190. A. 191. A. 192. A. 193. A. 194. A. 195. A. 196. A. 197. A. 198. A. 199. A. 200. A. 201. A. 202. A. 203. A. 204. A. 205. A. 206. A. 207. A. 208. A. 209. A. 210. A. 211. A. 212. A. 213. A. 214. A. 215. A. 216. A. 217. A. 218. A. 219. A. 220. A. 221. A. 222. A. 223. A. 224. A. 225. A. 226. A. 227. A. 228. A. 229. A. 230. A. 231. A. 232. A. 233. A. 234. A. 235. A. 236. A. 237. A. 238. A. 239. A. 240. A. 241. A. 242. A. 243. A. 244. A. 245. A. 246. A. 247. A. 248. A. 249. A. 250. A. 251. A. 252. A. 253. A. 254. A. 255. A. 256. A. 257. A. 258. A. 259. A. 260. A. 261. A. 262. A. 263. A. 264. A. 265. A. 266. A. 267. A. 268. A. 269. A. 270. A. 271. A. 272. A. 273. A. 274. A. 275. A. 276. A. 277. A. 278. A. 279. A. 280. A. 281. A. 282. A. 283. A. 284. A. 285. A. 286. A. 287. A. 288. A. 289. A. 290. A. 291. A. 292. A. 293. A. 294. A. 295. A. 296. A. 297. A. 298. A. 299. A. 300. A. 301. A. 302. A. 303. A. 304. A. 305. A. 306. A. 307. A. 308. A. 309. A. 310. A. 311. A. 312. A. 313. A. 314. A. 315. A. 316. A. 317. A. 318. A. 319. A. 320. A. 321. A. 322. A. 323. A. 324. A. 325. A. 326. A. 327. A. 328. A. 329. A. 330. A. 331. A. 332. A. 333. A. 334. A. 335. A. 336. A. 337. A. 338. A. 339. A. 340. A. 341. A. 342. A. 343. A. 344. A. 345. A. 346. A. 347. A. 348. A. 349. A. 350. A. 351. A. 352. A. 353. A. 354. A. 355. A. 356. A. 357. A. 358. A. 359. A. 360. A. 361. A. 362. A. 363. A. 364. A. 365. A. 366. A. 367. A. 368. A. 369. A. 370. A. 371. A. 372. A. 373. A. 374. A. 375. A. 376. A. 377. A. 378. A. 379. A. 380. A. 381. A. 382. A. 383. A. 384. A. 385. A. 386. A. 387. A. 388. A. 389. A. 390. A. 391. A. 392. A. 393. A. 394. A. 395. A. 396. A. 397. A. 398. A. 399. A. 400. A. 401. A. 402. A. 403. A. 404. A. 405. A. 406. A. 407. A. 408. A. 409. A. 410. A. 411. A. 412. A. 413. A. 414. A. 415. A. 416. A. 417. A. 418. A. 419. A. 420. A. 421. A. 422. A. 423. A. 424. A. 425. A. 426. A. 427. A. 428. A. 429. A. 430. A. 431. A. 432. A. 433. A. 434. A. 435. A. 436. A. 437. A. 438. A. 439. A. 440. A. 441. A. 442. A. 443. A. 444. A. 445. A. 446. A. 447. A. 448. A. 449. A. 450. A. 451. A. 452. A. 453. A. 454. A. 455. A. 456. A. 457. A. 458. A. 459. A. 460. A. 461. A. 462. A. 463. A. 464. A. 465. A. 466. A. 467. A. 468. A. 469. A. 470. A. 471. A. 472. A. 473. A. 474. A. 475. A. 476. A. 477. A. 478. A. 479. A. 480. A. 481. A. 482. A. 483. A. 484. A. 485. A. 486. A. 487. A. 488. A. 489. A. 490. A. 491. A. 492. A. 493. A. 494. A. 495. A. 496. A. 497. A. 498. A. 499. A. 500. A. 501. A. 502. A. 503. A. 504. A. 505. A. 506. A. 507. A. 508. A. 509. A. 510. A. 511. A. 512. A. 513. A. 514. A. 515. A. 516. A. 517. A. 518. A. 519. A. 520. A. 521. A. 522. A. 523. A. 524. A. 525. A. 526. A. 527. A. 528. A. 529. A. 530. A. 531. A. 532. A. 533. A. 534. A. 535. A. 536. A. 537. A. 538. A. 539. A. 540. A. 541. A. 542. A. 543. A. 544. A. 545. A. 546. A. 547. A. 548. A. 549. A. 550. A. 551. A. 552. A. 553. A. 554. A. 555. A. 556. A. 557. A. 558. A. 559. A. 560. A. 561. A. 562. A. 563. A. 564. A. 565. A. 566. A. 567. A. 568. A. 569. A. 570. A. 571. A. 572. A. 573. A. 574. A. 575. A. 576. A. 577. A. 578. A. 579. A. 580. A. 581. A. 582. A. 583. A. 584. A. 585. A. 586. A. 587. A. 588. A. 589. A. 590. A. 591. A. 592. A. 593. A. 594. A. 595. A. 596. A. 597. A. 598. A. 599. A. 600. A. 601. A. 602. A. 603. A. 604. A. 605. A. 606. A. 607. A. 608. A. 609. A. 610. A. 611. A. 612. A. 613. A. 614. A. 615. A. 616. A. 617. A. 618. A. 619. A. 620. A. 621. A. 622. A. 623. A. 624. A. 625. A. 626. A. 627. A. 628. A. 629. A. 630. A. 631. A. 632. A. 633. A. 634. A. 635. A. 636. A. 637. A. 638. A. 639. A. 640. A. 641. A. 642. A. 643. A. 644. A. 645. A. 646. A. 647. A. 648. A. 649. A. 650. A. 651. A. 652. A. 653. A. 654. A. 655. A. 656. A. 657. A. 658. A. 659. A. 660. A. 661. A. 662. A. 663. A. 664. A. 665. A. 666. A. 667. A. 668. A. 669. A. 670. A. 671. A. 672. A. 673. A. 674. A. 675. A. 676. A. 677. A. 678. A. 679. A. 680. A. 681. A. 682. A. 683. A. 684. A. 685. A. 686. A. 687. A. 688. A. 689. A. 690. A. 691. A. 692. A. 693. A. 694. A. 695. A. 696. A. 697. A. 698. A. 699. A. 700. A. 701. A. 702. A. 703. A. 704. A. 705. A. 706. A. 707. A. 708. A. 709. A. 710. A. 711. A. 712. A. 713. A. 714. A. 715. A. 716. A. 717. A. 718. A. 719. A. 720. A. 721. A. 722. A. 723. A. 724. A. 725. A. 726. A. 727. A. 728. A. 729. A. 730. A. 731. A. 732. A. 733. A. 734. A. 735. A. 736. A. 737. A. 738. A. 739. A. 740. A. 741. A. 742. A. 743. A. 744. A. 745. A. 746. A. 747. A. 748. A. 749. A. 750. A. 751. A. 752. A. 753. A. 754. A. 755. A. 756. A. 757. A. 758. A. 759. A. 760. A. 761. A. 762. A. 763. A. 764. A. 765. A. 766. A. 767. A. 768. A. 769. A. 770. A. 771. A. 772. A. 773. A. 774. A. 775. A. 776. A. 777. A. 778. A. 779. A. 780. A. 781. A. 782. A. 783. A. 784. A. 785. A. 786. A. 787. A. 788. A. 789. A. 790. A. 791. A. 792. A. 793. A. 794. A. 795. A. 796. A. 797. A. 798. A. 799. A. 800. A. 801. A. 802. A. 803. A. 804. A. 805. A. 806. A. 807. A. 808. A. 809. A. 810. A. 811. A. 812. A. 813. A. 814. A. 815. A. 816. A. 817. A. 818. A. 819. A. 820. A. 821. A. 822. A. 823. A. 824. A. 825. A. 826. A. 827. A. 828. A. 829. A. 830. A. 831. A. 832. A. 833. A. 834. A. 835. A. 836. A. 837. A. 838. A. 839. A. 840. A. 841. A. 842. A. 843. A. 844. A. 845. A. 846. A. 847. A. 848. A. 849. A. 850. A. 851. A. 852. A. 853. A. 854. A. 855. A. 856. A. 857. A. 858. A. 859. A. 860. A. 861. A. 862. A. 863. A. 864. A. 865. A. 866. A. 867. A. 868. A. 869. A. 870. A. 871. A. 872. A. 873. A. 874. A. 875. A. 876. A. 877. A. 878. A. 879. A. 880. A. 881. A. 882. A. 883. A. 884. A. 885. A. 886. A. 887. A. 888. A. 889. A. 890. A. 891. A. 892. A. 893. A. 894. A. 895. A. 896. A. 897. A. 898. A. 899. A. 900. A. 901. A. 902. A. 903. A. 904. A. 905. A. 906. A. 907. A. 908. A. 909. A. 910. A. 911. A. 912. A. 913. A. 914. A. 915. A. 916. A. 917. A. 918. A. 919. A. 920. A. 921. A. 922. A. 923. A. 924. A. 925. A. 926. A. 927. A. 928. A. 929. A. 930. A. 931. A. 932. A. 933. A. 934. A. 935. A. 936. A. 937. A. 938. A. 939. A. 940. A. 941. A. 942. A. 943. A. 944. A. 945. A. 946. A. 947. A. 948. A. 949. A. 950. A. 951. A. 952. A. 953. A. 954. A. 955. A. 956. A. 957. A. 958. A. 959. A. 960. A. 961. A. 962. A. 963. A. 964. A. 965. A. 966. A. 967. A. 968. A. 969. A. 970. A. 971. A. 972. A. 973. A. 974. A. 975. A. 976. A. 977. A. 978. A. 979. A. 980. A. 981. A. 982. A. 983. A. 984. A. 985. A. 986. A. 987. A. 988. A. 989. A. 990. A. 991. A. 992. A. 993. A. 994. A. 995. A. 996. A. 997. A. 998. A. 999. A. 1000. A. 1001. A. 1002. A. 1003. A. 1004. A. 1005. A. 1006. A. 1007. A. 1008. A. 1009. A. 1010. A. 1011. A. 1012. A. 1013. A. 1014. A. 1015. A. 1016. A. 1017. A. 1018. A. 1019. A. 1020. A. 1021. A. 1022. A. 1023. A. 1024. A. 1025. A. 1026. A. 1027. A. 1028. A. 1029. A. 1030. A. 1031. A. 1032. A. 1033. A. 1034. A. 1035. A. 1036. A. 1037. A. 1038. A. 1039. A. 1040. A. 1041. A. 1042. A. 1043. A. 1044. A. 1045. A. 1046. A. 1047. A. 1048. A. 1049. A. 1050. A. 1051. A. 1052. A. 1053. A. 1054. A. 1055. A. 1056. A. 1057. A. 1058. A. 1059. A. 1060. A. 1061. A. 1062. A. 1063. A. 1064. A. 1065. A. 1066. A. 1067. A. 1068. A. 1069. A. 1070. A. 1071. A. 1072. A. 1073. A. 1074. A. 1075. A. 1076. A. 1077. A. 1078. A. 1079. A. 1080. A. 1081. A. 1082. A. 1083. A. 1084. A. 1085. A. 1086. A. 1087. A. 1088. A. 1089. A. 1090. A. 1091. A. 1092. A. 1093. A. 1094. A. 1095. A. 1096. A. 1097. A. 1098. A. 1099. A. 1100. A. 1101. A. 1102. A. 1103. A. 1104. A. 1105. A. 1106. A. 1107. A. 1108. A. 1109. A. 1110. A. 1111. A. 1112. A. 1113. A. 1114. A. 1115. A. 1116. A. 1117. A. 1118. A. 1119. A. 1120. A. 1121. A. 1122. A. 1123. A. 1124. A. 1125. A. 1126. A. 1127. A. 1128. A. 1129. A. 1130. A. 1131. A. 1132. A. 1133. A. 1134. A. 1135. A. 1136. A. 1137. A. 1138. A. 1139. A. 1140. A. 1141. A. 1142. A. 1143. A. 1144. A. 1145. A. 1146. A. 1147. A. 1148. A. 1149. A. 1150. A. 1151. A. 1152. A. 1153. A. 1154. A. 1155. A. 1156. A. 1157. A. 1158. A. 1159. A. 1160. A. 1161. A. 1162. A. 1163. A. 1164. A. 1165. A. 1166. A. 1167. A. 1168. A. 1169. A. 1170. A. 1171. A. 1172. A. 1173. A. 1174. A. 1175. A. 1176. A. 1177. A. 1178. A. 1179. A. 1180. A. 1181. A. 1182. A. 1183. A. 1184. A. 1185. A. 1186. A. 1187. A. 1188. A. 1189. A. 1190. A. 1191. A. 1192. A. 1193. A. 1194. A. 1195. A. 1196. A. 1197. A. 1198. A. 1199. A. 1200. A. 1201. A. 1202. A. 1203. A. 1204. A. 1205. A. 1206. A. 1207. A. 1208. A. 1209. A. 1210. A. 1211. A. 1212. A. 1213. A. 1214. A. 1215. A. 1216. A. 1217. A. 1218. A. 1219. A. 1220. A. 1221. A. 1222. A. 1223. A. 1224. A. 1225. A. 1226. A. 1227. A. 1228. A. 1229. A. 1230. A. 1231. A. 1232. A. 1233. A. 1234. A. 1235. A. 1236. A. 1237. A. 1238. A. 1239. A. 1240. A. 1241. A. 1242. A. 1243. A. 1244. A. 1245. A. 1246. A. 1247. A. 1248. A. 1249. A. 1250. A. 1251. A. 1252. A. 1253. A. 1254. A. 1255. A. 1256. A. 1257. A. 1258. A. 1259. A. 1260. A. 1261. A. 1262. A. 1263. A. 1264. A. 1265. A. 1266. A. 1267. A. 1268. A. 1269. A. 1270. A. 1271. A. 1272. A. 1273. A. 1274. A. 1275. A. 1276. A. 1277. A. 1278. A. 1279. A. 1280. A. 1281. A. 1282. A. 1283. A. 1284. A. 1285. A. 1286. A. 1287. A. 1288. A. 1289. A. 1290. A. 1291. A. 1292. A. 1293. A. 1294. A. 1295. A. 1296. A. 1297. A. 1298. A. 1299. A. 1300. A. 1301. A. 1302. A. 1303. A. 1304. A. 1305. A. 1306. A. 1307. A. 1308. A. 1309. A. 1310. A. 1311. A. 1312. A. 1313. A. 1314. A. 1315. A. 1316. A. 1317. A. 1318. A. 1319. A. 1320. A. 1321. A. 1322. A. 1323. A. 1324. A. 1325. A. 1326. A. 1327. A. 1328. A. 1329. A. 1330. A. 1331. A. 1332. A. 1333. A. 1334. A. 1335. A. 1336. A. 1337. A. 1338. A. 1339. A. 1340. A. 1341. A. 1342. A. 1343. A. 1344. A. 1345. A. 1346. A. 1347. A. 1348. A. 1349. A. 1350. A. 1351. A. 1352. A. 1353. A. 1354. A. 1355. A. 1356. A. 1357. A. 1358. A. 1359. A. 1360. A. 1361. A. 1362. A. 1363. A. 1364. A. 1365. A. 1366. A. 1367. A. 1368. A. 1369. A. 1370. A. 1371. A. 1372. A. 1373. A. 1374. A. 1375. A. 1376. A. 1377. A. 1378. A. 1379. A. 1380. A. 1381. A. 1382. A. 1383. A. 1384. A. 1385. A. 1386. A. 1387. A. 1388. A. 1389. A. 1390. A. 1391. A. 1392. A. 1393. A. 1394. A. 1395. A. 1396. A. 1397. A. 1398. A. 1399. A. 1400. A. 1401. A. 1402. A. 1403. A. 1404. A. 1405. A. 1406. A. 1407. A. 1408. A. 1409. A. 1410. A. 1411. A. 1412. A. 1413. A. 1414. A. 1415. A. 1416. A. 1417. A. 1418. A. 1419. A. 1420. A. 1421. A. 1422. A. 1423. A. 1424. A. 1425. A. 1426. A. 1427. A. 1428. A. 1429. A. 1430. A. 1431. A. 1432. A. 1433. A. 1434. A. 1435. A. 1436. A. 1437. A. 1438. A. 1439. A. 1440. A. 1441. A. 1442. A. 1443. A. 1444. A. 1445. A. 1446. A. 1447. A. 1448. A. 1449. A. 1450. A. 1451. A. 1452. A. 1453. A. 1454. A. 1455. A. 1456. A. 1457. A. 1458. A. 1459. A. 1460. A. 1461